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TRUE STORIES ABOUT PETS.

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True Stories about Pets.

BY

MRS. JANE G. SWISSHELM

AND OTHERS.

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WRIGHT & POTTER PRINTING COMPANY,
79 MILK STREET, BOSTON.

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TWO PET LIONS

AND THEIR MISTRESS.

IF any of my readers should have occasion to call at a certain house in Boston, number fifty-four Howard Street, close by the Revere House, and should be shown into the family sitting-room, they would notice, the very first thing, a curious arrangement for such a place. For certainly it is very queer in a prettily carpeted and furnished room of the kind, where the household are in the habit of gathering to sew and read and chat, and where guests are received, to see a grated door and, lying at the threshold just beyond it, as much at home as two puppies or kittens, two large lions! But there we saw them; and in that room they live — members of the family, one might almost say, — all the year round, except

as they are let out into a little yard to spend a part of each day.

The walls of their room are brick; the floor is wood; and it is as large as a good-sized sleeping-room, so that they have plenty of space to stroll about in. The door is made of a few strong wire bars, and fastens on the outside by a sort of hasp; and they have one window looking out into the long, narrow alley which is their own yard. It is a passage-way, a few feet wide, with a high wall at the front end and high brick walls on each side, with vines and pretty green things growing upon the edge; and it is open at the top the whole length, so they have the fresh air, the blue sky, and the sunshine when they are out there.

These lions are a little more than two years old, not yet fully grown, but great, tall, long, strong creatures even now. They are not brother and sister, for each one came from a different litter and are the only ones that lived. The father and mother of one are dead; the two other parents, real African lions brought over in a ship, are living now and travelling about the country in a menagerie. The little ones were born in New York, and the lady who shows them to you, whose husband was a showman, took them under her care at once and called them her

"babies;" and she speaks to them about their "mamma" and they understand her and kiss her, lapping her face and whining softly as a kitten does. She brought them up and no one else had any charge of them. They used to lie in her lap, and slept on her bed at night, until they were quite large.

One she named "Willie" and the other "Martha"; and she talks to them and pets them with no more fear of them than if they were dogs or cats. She used to let them come into the sitting-room; but since they are so grown, people who go to the house are a little in fear of them, so that the grating is now always kept shut. But the creatures seem to love to come and lie down as close to it as they can get where they can see the family and be near them; and there they will stretch themselves out and lie in the most satisfied manner.

Nobody goes inside their room but this lady, Mrs. Lincoln; and nobody else feeds them or does anything for them. She gives them each day twelve pounds of beef; "not always sirloin steak," she said, but good meat and always beef, because that is the most healthful for them and keeps them in perfect condition. No other kind of food is allowed them. One of them had a bone playing with it and licking it. I could not help asking what would happen if

the beautiful Maltese-and-white kitten, that was frolicing about the room, should stray within reach of Willie's great, quick paw. But Mrs. Lincoln said they had always had a cat there and nothing had befallen her; she knew better than to go near the grating.

The lady took a little rattan in her hand, opened the door and walked in. Willie was lying just under her feet and she said, "Get up, sir!" and "Roll over!" and he obeyed. Something else that she asked him to do he seemed to feel rather lazy about and she gave him a rap, after which he appeared to be very sorry and made a plaintive little whine, and reached up his great head and kissed her as if to coax her; at which she said, "Yes, kiss mamma," which made him happy. She made him stand up on his hind feet and stretch his fore-paws up as high as he could; she put her hand in his mouth, between his long sharp teeth, and patted him on the head. Then he came back to the door and laid down again, growling a little, perhaps with satisfaction that it was over with.

She says they never attempted to harm her, and she has no fear that they ever will. She has been with them ever since they were born and they love her. While we were there a young lady, who used to live in the family, came in and went right to the grating, got down on the floor, and Willie put up his face

and kissed her through the bars, he was so glad to see her. Martha remains more quiet, though she looks as if she had spirit enough, and will do her part in the tricks when called on.

Probably no such sight can be seen anywhere else in this country, or in the world, as these two tame lions living with a woman

WILLIE AND MARTHA. (*From photograph.*)

on such companionable terms and wholly under her control. Any visitors can see them; but it is expected that they will pay a small fee for doing so, or buy a photograph of the lions which is for sale. The

picture given here is one of the lady and her strange pets, out of several attitudes in which Mr. Black, the photographer, took them.

Perhaps you will wonder, as I did, where Mr. Black took the pictures, and how he managed to do it and to keep them so still and attentive; for you see they are both very alert and gazing earnestly at something. In answer to these questions, their mistress told me that she had them out in a sort of yard beyond their alley, and the photographer attracted their attention to some object and so secured these admirable likenessess.

There is no way of getting out of their own quarters except through the sitting-room; and through that Mrs. Lincoln conducts them, day after day, to their playground out of doors. Imagine being a visitor at the house, or a caller, and having these enormous, sharp-toothed, big-pawed pets passing, unmuzzled and unchained, past you! Probably you would make a hasty retreat, and not stop until there was a closed door beween yourself and them. The last time I was there, hoping to see them playing out in the sunshine, she had just taken them in that she might have the washing hung out to dry in their alley.

Perhaps it is not so strange that *she* has no fear; for she brought these and three others — five little

whelps like puppies — from New York in her lap, and nursed them up (the others died as you already know) on a bottle such as babies are fed from, until they knew how to lap the milk from a dish; and on milk they were fed from her own hand until they could eat meat. They are fed now only once a day, at noon, and not at all on Sunday; such being the regulation in menageries, she informed me. In addition to this they have water once a day; and at night they sleep on the bare boards. They play with each other like kittens; and sometimes they roar like their kind in a savage state. Martha is the most quiet, but she has keen watchful eyes; and they both look up sharply when the door-bell rings and a new footstep is heard — indeed all their perceptions seem acute.

Large sums have been offered for them, for there is not such a case known in the world as two tame lions kept by a woman. She has not yet decided what she shall do with them; but it seems quite probable that some day, when they are full grown, and Willie has become a more ferocious-looking creature with a great shaggy mane falling over his neck, and a terrible voice, they will be exhibited about the country, the wonder of everybody, by their resolute and affectionate mistress. Some day they will be very famous.

PUNCH.

PUNCH is a mocking-bird — mine.

Were you to pass my house on a warm morning, you would hear him mocking the crows and the jays, and the robins and thrushes, and the orioles, and the martins, and the big rooster, and the little one, and the bantam; and barking, and whinnying and squealing and cackling, and pounding, and moo-ing and baa-ing — and all before you could get out of hearing distance.

He tries hard to sing "Yankee Doodle," and sometimes succeeds very well, then again, he fails most

laughably. He can say "what? what?" very distinctly, also "no." I say to him, "Punch you're an old darling aren't you?" and he looks at me and says "no."

He often gets in such a glee of singing, that he sings while he stands in his bath-dish, and once he crowed while I was holding him lightly in my hand. Of a bright day, he runs all over the floor, singing

A SINGING BATH.

and dancing and spreading his wings, now lighting on my head just long enough to give his loudest whistle; then off again, stopping his song long enough to catch a crumb of bread as I toss it toward the ceiling.

He likes attention and doesn't approve when I notice the other pets of the household. The other

day I gave the red-bird some little dainty, and Punch was all curiosity in regard to it; he peeped between the wires of the cage on one side, ran to the other side and looked in, then up on top of the cage and looked in; and then flew down and picked my fingers with all his might, as much as to say, "I'll teach you to feed other birds, my lady! take that! and *that!* and THAT!"

He knows that one particular round box is kept for worms and bugs; and whenever he sees it he rushes to it, upsets it, and flutters over it, teasing to have it opened. If he sees me come into the room with one hand closed, he thinks at once, "There's a bug!" flies to me and lights on my hand, gives it a sharp peck, looking at me like the saucy rogue that he is!

His greatest dainty is — now what do you think? Candy? No. Nuts? He likes pea-nuts pretty well, but there is something better. You can't guess? Well, then, I will tell you:

SPIDERS!

And the blacker, larger, and more horrible, the better he likes them. I start out every morning and hunt them for him. Long practice has made me an expert. I know just where to look for them, and can even catch them with my bare fingers, and carry them to Punch in triumph, no matter how much they

wiggle. That is what Punch thinks I am made for, I dare say — to catch his spiders.

One day last summer I saw a little boy sitting on the steps watching Punch with eyes so full of wonder that they were as round as marbles. Punch was delighted to have so attentive a listener; he whistled and sung and crowed his loudest and best. Presently the little boy evidently thought if such a mite of a bird could crow exactly like a rooster, a small boy ought to be able to do it too, so *he* crowed, and *such* a crow! I am sure there was a laugh out in the barn-yard. Punch put his head on one side and looked down at the boy in silence. After thinking a little he crowed just as nicely and slowly as he could, and then gave a knowing little look at the boy which meant, "There, *that's* the way it is done! try again, Boy!"

I thought he was a wise bird or he never would have known that the boy was trying to crow.

And how he does like to tease my other birds! When "Bob," the thrush, takes a bath he pretends he wants to bathe very badly too, in fact cannot wait a minute, so he hops on the side of the pan, greatly to Bob's displeasure, and then gets behind Bob and shakes and flutters his wings, and goes through all Bob's motions, so comically, and Bob growls,

PUNCH'S FAVORITE PERCH.

grumbles and looks daggers at him, and when he can endure it no longer makes Punch fly for his life. Punch thinks *that* is jolly fun.

I am sorry to say he has any failings. But he has. For instance; he teases his pretty, fluffy, little sister Pearl until life is a burden to her. If in the cage with her he reaches up slyly while singing, and catches her by her poor little foot and throws her down, she shrieking wildly as she goes, while I rush to the rescue.

Pearl sings well, but Punch discourages her; he mocks her in the most disagreeable way, just enough like her to let the folks know what he is doing, and to make her ashamed. He prefers to do himself what singing is necessary; and when he gets very tired of everything else he sits down and sings. Sometimes he sings all night, and that is not so agreeable if one wishes to sleep, and still it is funny to wake up in the night and hear him crowing, perhaps a dozen times in succession.

His memory is remarkable, showing itself mostly in mischief however. More than a year ago his mate carried a stick and some threads to the clock shelf as though she thought of making a nest there, and ever since Punch has insisted that there *is* a nest there, and when I put my hand to the shelf he flies at me and picks with his bill, and makes every sharp claw go into my hand as he bounds up and down like a rubber ball, ending by chasing me quite across the room. When I sit down and point my finger at him, this is the way he looks:

SOME TRAINED CANARIES.

"HERE, Dick! Pretty little pet!" The words, accompanied by that peculiar chirping whistle so often used in attracting the attention of birds, were echoed by the sweet warbling of a beautiful little canary, who flew from his cage and perched upon the outstretched hand of a clever adept at the art of magic, who had been engaged for some time in entertaining a large audience, among which the writer was fortunate enough to have secured a place.

The magician — or prestidigitateur, as he was styled on the large, illuminated placards in front of

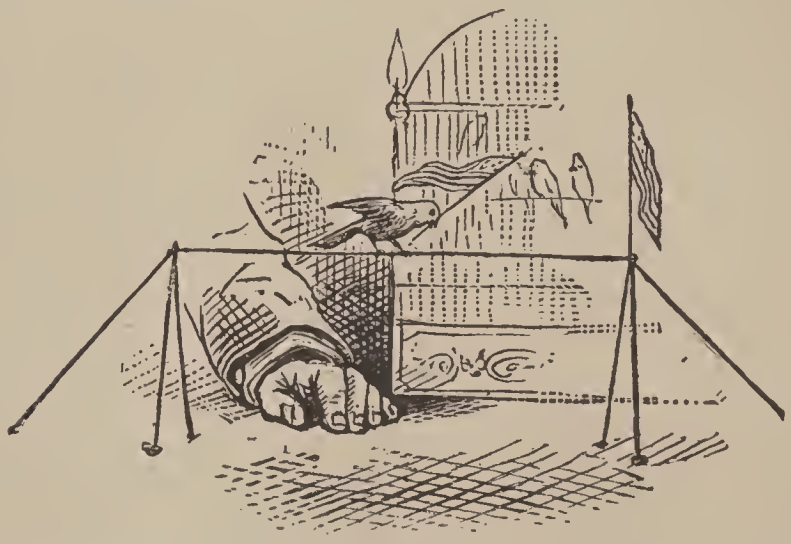
the theatre entrance, — having welcomed the bird with a fond kiss, announced that he would now give his little pets, of which there was a large cage full upon a table near at hand, an opportunity of amusing the spectators with some tricks that had been taught them.

Having thus briefly introduced his trained canaries, he directed the attention of the spectators to a miniature tight rope, erected on the table near the cage in which the birds were merrily singing. It was constructed like the tight-ropes one sees sometimes at the circus, the rope itself being stretched across the forked points of two props, about a foot apart from each other, and fastened to the table so as to present the outline of a gabled farm-house roof. The spectators having examined the rope, the magician caused Dick to hop from his hand to the table, pick up a tiny silk flag with a coy daintiness that was very coquettish, and at a certain signal fly with it in his beak to the end of the tight-rope.

He then fastened another flag in the prop farthest from Dick, and made another sign to the bird. No sooner was it given than Dick, still holding the first flag in his beak, walked slowly up the tight-rope with solemn dignity, lifting one foot after the other with all the care and precision of a real acrobat, and,

having at length reached the farthest prop, caught the flag fastened there with one of his feet, and, balancing himself on one leg, turned his head from side to side, causing the flag in his beak to wave, as a signal of his capture of the enemy's banner.

The trick finished, Dick, at a sign from his master, flew back to the cage.



"WALKED SLOWLY UP THE TIGHT-ROPE WITH SOLEMN DIGNITY."

When he had gone the magician placed on the table a tiny open carriage, and announced that some of his pets would next enjoy their evening drive to the Park. With that he gave a peculiar whistle, which was answered instantly by a little canary who flew to him, warbling a few glad notes of welcome that echoed sweetly through the hall. The magician took the bird tenderly in his hands, and with much

dexterity fitted on his body a small dress-coat and vest of broadcloth, which were kept in place by means of an elastic band that fastened around the bird's throat. He next placed on his head a miniature beaver hat that almost rivalled in neatness and polish the hat of a grown-up gentleman of fashion. His costume was completed by fitting on a pair of loose trousers, after which he was placed on the right-hand seat of the carriage, where he sat with a staid dignity that might have done honor to a veritable millionaire.

Having finished the bird's toilet the magician whistled again, and a second canary flew to him, whom he in turn attired in a tiny lady's carriage costume, to the "fit" and "set" of which I fear the majority of my young lady readers would take a most decided exception. Her canary-ship, however, seemed quite satisfied with the garment; at least, she did not struggle against having it put on, or give any other evidence of displeasure; while her head was decked in a little bonnet with a most bewitching feather, that must surely have made sad havoc among the hearts of the more susceptible young gentlemen canaries, if they saw it while promenading the drive.

Her toilet having been completed she was placed in the carriage beside her dignified husband.

Again the magician whistled, and once more the signal was responded to by a canary, who, in a jiffy, was dressed in a tiny suit of loose-fitting livery, with gilt buttons and cockaded beaver, — everything, in fact, excepting the time-honored yellow-topped boots. The gilt buttons, however, were mere empty deceptions, or at most matters of form, for the entire suit, — coat, vest and trousers, fastened from behind with a ribbon.

The little footman's beaver having been fastened carefully on his head, he was perched up behind his master and mistress, on the seat set aside for footmen, such as may be seen on any fashionable carriage.

There was now only wanting a team to complete the grand turnout, and this was soon furnished by two more canaries, who were quickly harnessed to the carriage by means of tiny leather bands fastened to little collars which were placed around their necks. A whip was then placed at the side of the dashboard, and two pairs of reins fastened to the collars of the team, and put in the beak of the bird-millionaire.

Everything being now in readiness for the start the magician gave the signal, and away went the canary-team in fine style, dragging the carriage after them, the whole presenting so capital a picture, in minia-

ture, of a genuine carriage and bays bowling along a fashionable promenade that the spectators broke forth in loud applause, which the magician acknowledged in behalf of the little birds by a graceful bow.

When the carriage had driven entirely around the table, the team wheeled about and returned home, where they were unharnessed, and the occupants of

"AWAY WENT THE CANARY-TEAM IN FINE STYLE."

the carriage taken out, undressed, and all five permitted to fly back to their cage.

After the birds had retired the magician announced that a more tragic performance, which he called "The Fate of a Traitor," would follow. He called a canary to him, and with the same dexterity he had before shown in arranging the riding costumes of the other

birds soon dressed him in a suit of military clothes, in which he presented so fine and martial an appearance, with plumed hat, epaulets, and navy-blue coat and trousers, that one would scarcely think he would have consented to act the part of a traitor, — for such was the character the magician intended he should play.

Having told the spectators in a few words the story of how the soldier-bird had deserted his colors and played the part of a spy for the enemy, the magician began the preparations for his punishment by erecting upon the table a small pole, on the top of which was fastened a seat similar to that which formed part of the ancient instrument of torture called the "ducking-stool." In this seat he placed the recreant bird, and then brought out a toy cannon, made of brass, which he loaded, in the presence of the spectators, with a heavy charge of powder. Having fixed the fuse he placed the piece in position, some distance from the pole, so that, though it was discharged directly at the latter, the bird in the seat would not be injured. He then lit a small wax taper and placed it in the trail of the gun-carriage.

The preparations for the execution being now finished, the magician gave a low whistle and another canary hopped from the cage, slowly approached the cannon, picked up the taper with one its feet, and,

hopping upon the trail, lit the fuse. During all this time, the soldier-bird had remained perfectly still upon the pole and seemed to be watching the fuse as it slowly burned nearer and nearer the powder.

Suddenly there was a bright flash, a cloud of smoke, a loud report, and the soldier bird fell from his seat to the table, motionless and apparently dead. His executioner, who still perched on the trail of the gun-carriage, having seen the effect of his fire dropped the taper and hopped back to his cage, exhibiting no signs of the fright that it would have been natural to suppose a canary would have shown upon hearing a cannon discharged so near him.

To show the spectators how effective the executioner's fire had been, the magician caught hold of the foot of the motionless soldier-bird and held him suspended in the air for some moments, the bird, meantime, betraying not the least sign of life.

The magician then dropped him into the palm of his hand and rolled him backward and forward; but he still remained apparently lifeless. At the calling of his name and a chirping signal from the magician, however, he revived with startling abruptness, hopped upon his owner's finger, and, in token of his resurrection, warbled forth a happy carol and then flew away among his companions in the cage.

After the birds had performed several more tricks,

such as drawing a little bucket from a miniature well, and others of similar simplicity, the magician, in bringing the exhibition to a close, called out:

"Here Tommy! Tommy! Come here!" The command was answered by a large and handsome tom-cat, who sprang gracefully upon the table and, at a sign from his master, walked slowly through the door of the bird-cage and lazily curled himself up in a bundle and blinked sleepily at the spectators.

To the astonishment of many of the latter, the canaries seemed to regard his unseemly intrusion with the utmost indifference, and began singing all the more cheerily and hopping upon Tommy's head and on his back, and even going so far as to pick up seeds under his very nose; chirping and warbling all the time as if to express pleasure at his company. Tommy, for his part, was quite as unconcerned as the canaries, and watched their movements with a sort of drowsy interest, making no attempt to molest them or drive them off his head or back.

The writer puzzled for months and months afterward trying to account for the strange spectacle, and looked through all the books about birds and cats that he could find without discovering an explanation of it. He continued to be perplexed until, finally, a young friend who was quite an expert naturalist re-

vealed the secret, which may now be told to my readers.

Tommy, when he was but a little kitten indeed, had been placed against a bird-cage, the wires of which had been previously heated until they were very hot, and had his fur singed enough to cause him severe pain for a few moments. This apparently cruel but necessary operation had impressed his kitten-mind with the idea that if he attempted to harm either a bird-cage or its inmates he would suffer the same pain that he had endured while being pressed against the hot wires. The lesson once taught was never forgotten, and in the same way as the proverb tells us "A burnt child will dread the fire," he ever afterward dreaded to meddle with any cage or the birds within it.

Some years after seeing the trained canaries above described, the writer had the pleasure of attending one of Mr. Robert Heller's magical entertainments and of witnessing one of that witty gentleman's favorite tricks, the interest of which centered entirely in the intelligence of three trained canaries.

In beginning the trick Mr. Heller wheeled a small round table to the front of the stage, and placed on it a gilt bird-cage containing three pretty

little canaries. After announcing that he intended to kill these, he withdrew several paces from the table and then leveled a pistol at the cage, taking, apparently, particular pains to aim accurately. The ladies in the audience, expecting every moment that the pistol would be discharged, covered their ears to drown the noise. Purposely misunderstanding their action Mr. Heller lowered the pistol, and stepping forward begged their pardon in a most polite manner and said:

"It was very stupid of him to do so, but he really had not intended to hurt their feelings by killing the canaries before their eyes, and he would hasten to make amends for his oversight."

With that he drew a large silk handkerchief from his pocket and wound it around the cage, completely hiding the little birds from view. Having in this clever and unsuspicious way given the birds a signal which they perfectly understood, he again withdrew some distance from the cage, leveled the pistol at it, and fired.

The echoes of the report had scarcely died away when he stepped forward, unwound the handkerchief and showed the cage apparently empty, the birds having ceased to sing and being nowhere to be seen. With a compassionate utterance of "poor little

things!" he opened the door of the cage, put in his hand and drew forth a canary from the bottom of the cage; then, holding it suspended in the air for some moments, during which it betrayed no signs of life, he threw it into the air. It turned over and over several times and fell with a slight thud upon a soft rug at the foot of the table, remaining as motionless as a bird that was really dead.

Mr. Heller then drew forth the two other canaries, held them suspended a moment in the same way, and then threw them in the air and allowed them to fall upon the rug, where they lay perfectly motionless. Having thus apparently settled the matter of their lifelessness beyond doubt, Mr. Heller picked them up carefully, laid them upon another table in the middle of the stage, and made preparations for continuing his trick.

He produced three eggs which he began to wrap up in paper slowly, saying that he must now be very careful, for if the eggs were to be broken it would spoil the trick. He had scarcely spoken when the eggs broke with a crash as if by accident, and, with a very wry face, he began to unroll the paper to show the spectators what a wreck he had.

He continued to unroll the paper, until he came to what the spectators supposed was one of the broken

eggs, when, with feigned surprise, he exhibited, instead of the broken shells and bursted yolks, one of the canaries that he had placed upon the table but a short time before, and which, by some mysterious means with which he alone was familiar, had been made to take the egg's place. He unrolled the paper further, and as before showed a second canary instead of another broken egg, and then unrolling the paper entirely disclosed the third canary. All three birds, although they had been rolled over and over while the paper was being unwrapped, remained motionless and seemed to all appearances to be lifeless.

Without waiting to explain how he had contrived to make the broken eggs disappear and the birds take their place, Mr. Heller uttered an expression of pretended disappointment and, with seeming ill-humor, said that "he didn't see what he could do now that his trick had been spoilt except make a fricassé of the canaries."

Acting on this remark he got a small sauce-pan, and, placing some powder in a dish upon the center-table, dropped the birds, one after another, into the sauce-pan, they still remaining motionless. He next lit the powder, which turned out to be a small quantity of Greek fire, and holding the sauce-pan over it for some time as if he were cooking the contents fi-

nally undertook to stir the fricassé with his short ebony wand. Instead of stirring up any fricassé, however, he stirred up one of the canaries, who, knowing that the stirring of the wand in the pan was the signal for it to come to life, flew up on the other end of the wand and, to Mr. Heller's well-feigned amazement, stretched its wings once or twice and then flew out into the auditorium over the heads of the spectators.

With an expression of uncertainty that seemed to mean that he thought either himself or the fricassé bewitched, Mr. Heller again made an effort to stir the sauce-pan, whereupon another canary hopped up as before on the end of the wand alive, and stretching its wings also flew after the first canary. A third attempt with the wand resulted in the same way — the third canary understanding the touch of the wand as the signal for him to fly away and obeying it as the others had.

Having thus performed the trick he had really intended to from the beginning, although he made believe that he had meant to do something else, Mr. Heller recalled the pets to the stage once more with a renewed whistle and withdrew amid the hearty applause of the spectators.

TOM AND OTHERS.

CHAPTER I.

WHY I DID NOT SUCCEED WITH POULTRY.

A LONG time ago we went to live on a farm, and I was very happy in the many plans about all the things I was going to have and do.

I would have bossies, big, staggering, blundering, obstinate bossies; I would have lambies, large-headed, thick-legged, wabbling, awkward lambies; and I should watch them and tend them, while they learned to eat and walk and run and frisk and gambol; watch them till they grew so active and graceful that poets could write songs about them, and market-men — perhaps read the songs and think how pretty they were.

I should have ever so many cunning, nimble, pink-

backed little pigs, that never would need to learn anything, but would spend all their time eating and forgetting and growing ugly. Then, oh! but I would have such flocks of green, downy goslings; spry, grey ducklings; yellow, puff-ball chicks, and stupid, melancholy young turkeys. I would feed and care for these until they changed their baby clothes for bran new coats, and grew to be large and respectable poultry; and I thought, indeed, that nobody ever did have quite such a nice time as I was engaging for myself.

The farm to which we were going was just the place to have all kinds of domestic animals. There was plenty of pasture for cows, and calves, and sheep, and lambs and pigs; plenty of water for ducks and geese; plenty of barn-yard for them and all the turkeys and chickens any one need want; so what was to hinder my success in the pig and poultry business?

It is a long time since people began to count chickens before they are hatched, and we had not been farming a great while until folks found out that I had been doing a good deal of this kind of counting.

It is not every school-mistress who makes a good farmer's wife, but I still think I should have gotten on with the pigs and the chicks very well if it had not been for *our pets*. Yes, the more I think of it, the more I feel certain that the principal fault of that

failure lay with those pets! Not that they objected to ducks or geese or hens or sheep, or anything in that line, but they were officious, and always interfered with my plans.

First, there was "Tom," as pretty a creature as ever any one need wish to see, and so interesting! Tom was a favorite throughout the whole neighborhood and had so many callers and admirers that we were all thrown in the shade. Tom loved poultry and pigs and lambs as well as anyone; but he would eat them before they were cooked, nay, he would have them before they were half grown. No matter what was said to him, he ate them just the same, feathers, fur and all, and never waited for a knife or fork. No matter how much I remonstrated or explained, he kept right on as he had begun, although I never had a pupil that I tried so hard to educate and refine.

Perhaps it is not strange that I failed to make a gentleman of Tom, for he was a very lively young panther, almost a year old, and full six feet long when I saw him first. If I had taken him young, and before his habits were formed, I might have made something more of him. As it was, the only change that ever came to Tom was that every day he grew older, larger, and worse, could eat more pigs and chickens, and more of a great many other things.

Tom had a small house all to himself, which stood in a corner, by the great stone chimney, just outside the house so that he and I lived under the same roof most of the time for nearly three years, and got pretty well acquainted. He wore a strong leather collar and was fastened to his house by a chain six feet long so he could step out and take the air.

His master thought him a beauty, and never wearied of his tricks; could not understand why people should be afraid of him, and said that pigs and poultry ought to keep out of the way. It was a small way, for his entire domain was a semi-circle of six feet across, while the pigs and poultry had free range of so much space that there was no excuse for their trespasses on Tom's ground.

This was all true; but I had no more success in educating the pigs and chickens than in training Tom himself. There the cunning rascal would lie in wait for them, his green eyes all ablaze, and his body still as a log, all but the tip of the tail which would wag, wag, back and forth, until some silly creature came within reach — and that was the last of it.

But Tom never did want so much to catch anything as a child, no matter what child. The sight of one drove him frantic, and oh! so many children came or were brought to see him. I do not think my heart

has ever quite recovered from the stand-stills it used to have those three long years when it so often seemed probable that Tom would catch a child.

But Tom was not our only pet; and I liked Billy ever so much better. He was a young deer, and it was exciting to see Tom watch to catch Billy, and Billy watch Tom, eat grass right in front of him, and look at his foe as if he said — "Don't you wish I would?"

Tom would be so provoked that he'd spring with all his might. The chain jerked him back; Billy sprang over the fence and darted off; the men laughed and shouted, and next day Billy came again to see Tom and have some more sport with him.

Tom was not the only enemy Billy had to watch, for Big Bear and Little Bear were chained in the meadow, behind the house, and either of them would have liked to catch him. So when he came racing down the meadow, in great rainbow leaps, to spring over the tall picket fence into the middle of the garden, out on to the road, away through the lower orchard, past the mill and back again, he had to take good care that Messrs. Bear did not spoil his frolic.

These four pets were nice enough, but the pet I liked best of all was Kate, a large cream-colored horse, with fiery eyes, small head, arched neck, slender legs and superb black mane and tail.

"THE PET I LIKED BEST OF ALL."

Kate could canter and rack and pace. It was splendid sport to get a saddle on her back and go "over the hills and far away." But riding was not plowing or making furrows for corn and potatoes. The men wanted Kate to make furrows and draw a buggy; and she had made up her mind to do nothing of the sort. She liked carrying a lady in a long skirt, if she sat straight in the saddle, but resolved that was all she would do. She gave due notice of her resolution by kicking the buggy to pieces and putting the plow harness into very bad condition. But three men were not to be balked by one horse. Kate must draw a sulky, at least. One man galloped very fast after a a doctor that afternoon, while another lay insensible in a fence corner; and Kate was never again hitched to a buggy.

It was not long, however, until she fell in love with Nance, a large, dark bay horse, very strong and gentle, and almost as wise as a man. Kate would do anything to help Nance, and to keep close to her. So they worked together in double harness beautifully and pulled together all their lives from that time forward.

Our first cow was also a beauty; and, like our other pets, had some unpleasant traits. She would not let a man or boy milk her; would chase a dog clear off the farm; watched for a chance to teach Tom he had

no business there, and to drive those two bears out of the meadow, while Tom or either of the bears would have liked nothing better than to have come into close quarters with old Blackie; and it was some trouble to keep the peace between them.

She did not like Amanda Araminta at first, and sent her off in a hurry with her milk-pails, then gave me notice not to come there to milk with that ring on my finger. She was not going to stand any nonsense, but when her terms were complied with she did give such pails of delicious milk and yellow cream that she had a right to be particular.

All things considered, we had quite a stirring time that first spring of life on a farm, and it was not often a day passed without bringing us some excitement. If Tom did not catch a hen or a neighbor's dog, he had made an attempt; Billy had eaten the lettuce or beets; Big Bear or Little Bear had nabbed a pig or goose that had no business to be in the meadow; Kate had kicked something to pieces, or Blackie sent the milk-pails or milkers sprawling; and so we had no need to go to the circus.

CHAPTER II.

HOW TOM AND BILLY GOT ON IN LIFE.

One morning, that first summer, I was waked by the most frightful cries. Grandmother and Amanda

"SHE WOULD CHASE A DOG CLEAR OFF THE FARM."

Araminta were rushing through the house wringing their hands and crying out:

"Tom is killing some one! Run! Run! Tom is killing some one!"

Tom's master sprang out of bed and ran quick enough; I followed to take him a stick. He did not wait to get one and I thought he could do nothing with Tom without a stick. We both rushed out of the front door. The women staid down-stairs and screamed; the men put their heads out of the windows up-stairs and called to Tom's master to "Hurry! hurry! or he would be too late!"

It was just daybreak, and a dense fog had settled in the valley. I soon found the stick, but the man to use it had disappeared in the fog. Everything had disappeared in that fog; one could see nothing at a distance of three or four feet. But if there was no sight there was plenty of sound; the two women still shrieked and prayed; the men called; and out of the mist came despairing, terrible cries:

"My God, my God! Take him off! Take him off!"

These wails came from the public road on the other side of the mill race. I must go to the bridge to get across. The man would be dead before I got there. It was a man's voice, full of mortal agony. I had seen Tom kill so many things and knew so well

how he did it. The cries grew weaker and I felt that every one would be the last. I was on the bridge within three yards of the terrible scene, when, sure enough, the sounds ceased ; there was a heavy thud as of some one falling. I was too late, and stopped to cover my eyes, when I heard a gruff voice exclaim :

"I wonder the cats haven't eaten you a long time ago !"

And Tom's master stalked up to the bridge on his way to the house. When I asked him what the matter was, he snapped out :

"Oh, some fool that got frightened at Billy."

Here, then, was the beginning of a new trouble. Billy was getting horns and giving notice of how he meant to use them ; they were sprouting up out of his head, and as large as two walnuts. He would have hurt the poor man with them if he could, but they were not yet large enough.

I knew he was going to be dangerous, and wanted to have him killed, but everyone took his part. It was so clever of a little fellow like Billy to catch a lubberly man, six feet high, knock him up against a bank and make him stand there to be kneaded like a lump of dough. Billy was a hero, and the poor man was laughed at till he had to leave the neighborhood. It was a great pity

He had heard there was a panther at the house, and as he had never seen one, or a deer, either, when some strange creature attacked him in the fog, he thought of course it was the panther and expected to be killed. Billy was not even shut up, but was petted and feasted and praised like any other conqueror.

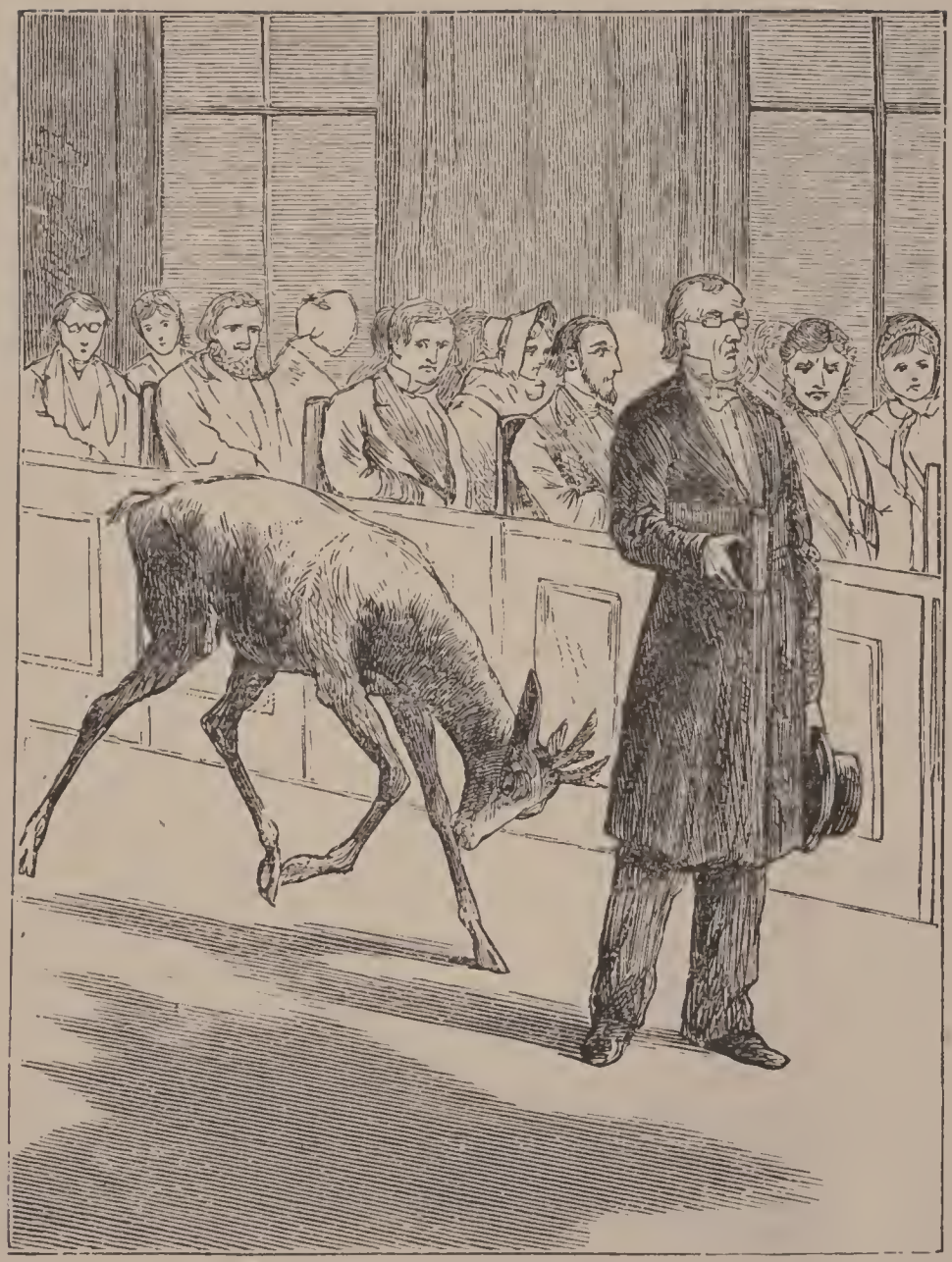
When his horns came to be horns and not knobs, he made many a one of his admirers get up on a fence pretty nimbly, and that was good enough for them. But he frightened folks who did not deserve it, and still the people took his part. A strong, resolute boy, by taking hold of his horns, could make him behave. Sometimes, one would jump on his back for a ride and get a fine tumble. But there was no use to say a word against Billy; even the folks he made scamper did not want him shut up. There was not another deer in the country. He was very beautiful and graceful, and they liked to see such a fleet creature bound over the fences, across the fields, and through the woods. It was sport to set dogs after him, to see him toss them with his horns, stamp them with his fore feet, send them flying with his hind feet, or skip off leaving them to wonder what had become of him.

All that summer he frolicked and visited, and all

the next winter. The next spring his horns dropped off and he got another pair with a prong on each. No boy ever was so proud of a new pair of boots as Billy of his new horns. He was large and strong, too, a splendid fellow. I made him a new collar, red, with his name on it, to wear with his new horns ; and there was not another such dandy in that country.

One Sabbath morning he found himself three miles from home and concluded to go to church. I don't believe he cared for a sermon and so suspect he went to show his shiny coat, bright red collar and branching horns. Indeed, I am certain it was nothing good took Billy to church that sultry Sunday, for he did not go till the pews were crowded full of people. It was a Methodist church, and that was quarterly meeting, so the whole neighborhood was present to witness Billy's piety and admire his finery. He waited outside for the presiding elder, who was a large man, very plump, rosy, grave and dignified, and much engaged that morning thinking of the sermon he was going to preach.

The church door was open, and when the elder went in Billy went too, just behind him. There was a matting on the floor, which deadened the sound of Billy's hoofs. So the elder walked slowly up the middle aisle, and Billy after him, making motions with



"THE ELDER WALKED SLOWLY — BILLY AFTER HIM."

his head as if he wanted him to hurry along to the pulpit and begin the sermon. The good man did walk very slowly on quarterly-meeting days. It was no wonder then, if Billy intended staying for the sermon, he should want to get it started. But still he kept behind and only made passes, until the elder halted at the altar steps to put down his hat, which delay Billy concluded was rather too much for the patience of any worshiper of his dignity to endure, so gave the unlucky elder such a knock as to send him into the pulpit in an oriental attitude of devotion.

This exploit wound up Billy's career. No one would plead for him any more. He made very good venison, and the elder laughed while he ate a piece, and thought it a pity to have killed Billy for a frolic which did no one any harm.

CHAPTER III.

THE BABY AND THE BEAR.

THAT first spring, when Tom was trying to catch Billy, when Billy was bounding in and out of the garden, when Big Bear and Little Bear were on the lookout for pigs, when Tom was frantic to get hold of a child, and we did not know what the bears might do

to one, when Kate was kicking and Blackie hooking, a friend came to visit us and brought a baby eighteen months old. She wanted to go on several hundred miles further to visit some other friends. There were no railroads in those days, and it would be very hard to carry so young a child so far in a stage-coach. So, mamma left baby Maria with me and went on to make her visit. When I think of it now, it seems that we must both have been crazy. Baby could walk and run almost as fast as I and get through places that I could not; but I thought I could take care of her and meant to do so.

Tom's walk came close to the fence, so we had boards nailed over the cracks to keep him from seeing her.

I sometimes wake in the night now, and think of that baby and that panther with a low board partition between them; but I watched her so closely that she did not get into any special danger until it was almost time for mamma to come and I had begun to feel easy.

One day I was busy in the kitchen and thought she was playing with her blocks in the dining-room. I happened to glance out of the window and there she was climbing through the bars of the meadow gate, and Big Bear, three or four yards off, watching

"I COULD SEE BABY HURRYING TO THE BEAR."

her. He was crosser than Little Bear. They were both hungry, and none of the men were about the house.

I thought of it all in a flash. Could I reach baby before she reached the bear? I knew she was going straight to him; if I called she would run faster. Should I get something and try to kill the bear if he caught her before I did? No, this would be useless; my only chance was catching her first. I never could run fast and knew it, but I did not break the dish I held, and must have got to that gate and through it without much loss of time.

All the way I could see baby hurrying to the bear, her little hands outstretched. He was at the end of his chain, watching her as I had seen him watch a pig he had caught and killed.

I was coming, coming! but full eight feet from her, and *she* two feet from the bear that stood waiting with that hungry, cruel look. It was too late! There was no hope! I could make it no worse by frightening her, so I screamed out my agony. She was startled, — she stumbled, fell, — and I had her.

The disappointed monster bellowed, jumped and strained at his chain, but it did not break; and soon after that baby Maria left us.

CHAPTER IV.

EDUCATING TOM.

THERE never was a day of Tom's life in which I would not have paid any one to kill him. But people thought me cruel. No one else wanted the pretty creature killed, and every one but his master was too much afraid of him to attempt his life. I really do not think there was a man in that part of the country who would have dared to shoot at Tom, as he stood chained in his corner by the old stone chimney.

His master had taken him when he was quite a kitten, and thought he might be trained and taught to be as harmless as he was beautiful. He had heard of a farmer who kept a panther for a watch-dog; of one that used to play with the children and be as gentle as a lamb. He had been training Tom a long time and had perfect control over him — when he struck him behind the ear. He was often away from home, so I concluded that *I* had better train Tom.

I had read about the man who took a thorn out of the lion's foot and lived with him in peace ever after. I knew that a very lovely young lady named Una, had once had a lion that was a great comfort to her. I knew that

"Little deeds of kindness, little words of love,
Make this world an Eden, like the heaven above."

After turning it all over in my mind, I concluded that maybe Tom and I might come to be another edition of Mary and her lamb. It would be delightful to know that thousands of happy children were repeating:

"'A lady had a panther large,
His coat was striped and grey;
And everywhere the lady went
That panther lead the way.
He went with her to church one day
To guard his mistress dear,
And when he lay down in the aisle,
The people thought it queer.

"The sexton came to turn him out,
He uttered cries of woe.
He would not leave the lady's side
Because he loved her so.
'There, there!' the gentle preacher said,
'Oh, sexton cease, 'tis vain!
'Tis love that makes the creature cry,
The record now is plain.

"'The lion and the lamb you know,
Together shall lie down.
This Thomas Greycoat is the friend
Of every lamb in town.
See the reward that still awaits
All loving trust and cares;
Our saintly sister here converts
Her panther and her bears!'"

That would be a reward of merit worth striving for. Tom and I would be put in a book beside Mary's

lamb and Mary. So I went to work in good earnest, to teach this cruel, wicked world its duty toward panthers.

For months I petted Tom, and fed Tom, and talked to Tom. Every day I stroked Tom's head and shook his paw, and — and stroked his head, and shook his paw, and fed him, and talked to him. That was all I could do. He did not get a thorn in his foot, so I could render him no service of that sort; but I did think, and everybody else thought I was making good progress in taming him.

He winked when I put my hand on his head, and we all remarked that he looked wise. He minded when I spoke, or we felt that he did. I have no doubt to this day but he heard every word I said to him, for his hearing was excellent.

He ate all the bread and butter I gave him; all the mashed potatoes when there was plenty of fresh eggs and milk in them. He took pap enough from dishes I brought to have fed a dozen hungry children; complimented me by approving of my *blanc mange*; devoured cooked meat with a relish, and behaved most obligingly, for I could not let him have raw meat as it would make him savage. He bore this interference with his tastes in an exemplary manner all day, consoling himself with a chicken, or a dog, or a

pig when opportunity offered; but when evening came and the sun was down, he made us understand that he would like to do his own marketing.

He would walk back and forth the length of his chain, lash his long tail, raise his head proudly, sniff the air, then give such a shriek as would make the valleys ring; stop to listen as if expecting an answer, stretch his head forward, then start to run, be suddenly checked, raise his head again, gnash his teeth, and pant till the foam hung on his lips.

When Tom shrieked the bears were certain to bellow, and with plenty of frogs in the mill-race it made quite a concert. The folks on the valley farms must have been stupid if they did not come to be judges of music.

Tom's eyes were always green and fiery when excited. At night they glowed like live coals; one could see them shining in the dark when one could not see him or any thing else. The darker it was, the brighter his eyes burned and glowed.

But during those months when I was educating him he did seem to mind me all day. While thus progressing in his favor, and when not afraid to go close up to him, I was thrown from a carriage, badly hurt, brought home and kept in bed six weeks.

When able to go on crutches, the very first time I

stepped out of doors I went to see Tom, for I wanted to keep some control over him. I went quite near before I saw that Tom did really love me; he loved me very much, so much that he intended to eat me.

He was lying on his side when I passed the corner and rose when he saw me, as if to say "Good morning." He then lay down flat, his head on his fore-paws, his hind legs under him, his tail stretched out straight. He kept perfectly motionless, all but about four inches of the point of his tail, which moved back and forth like a pendulum.

I knew what *that* meant but was within his reach before I realized the danger. I had heard that a panther wonld not jump while looking into a human eye. He looked steadily enough into mine. I must not flinch or look away. How long could I stand there? Some person or animal was sure to come along, and if any thing moved that would be his signal. I talked to him and said, "Tom, Tom. Poor Tom." They heard me in the house and thought Tom and I must still be good friends, and that he was showing himself glad to see me. Sure enough that was exactly what he was doing, for he had not yet had his dinner.

His eyes every moment became greener and more fiery. Every moment I was moving my crutches cau-

tiously backward ; I had them planted but was afraid to move. At last some one was coming ; Tom would make his leap, and my only hope was to get out of his range. I swung myself back on my crutches and quite beyond them. I felt his hot breath on my face, the rush of air against it, and thought he had me ; but the chain was too short.

His leap had been furious, for the sudden jerk on the collar threw him against a post. He clung to this and glared at me, but I was out of his reach and concluded, then and there, that I had no special mission for taming panthers. Mary and her lamb might wear their laurels till dooms-day for all I cared.

I went in, looked at the clock, and found that Mister Tom and I had been admiring each other a good ten minutes ; but I never made him any more pap.

CHAPTER V.

I HAVE A VISIT EXTRAORDINARY.

OUR first winter on a farm was very cold. One bitter day in February I looked out of the kitchen window, and there was Monsieur Big Bear prowling about through the back yard as cool as the weather. I was alone, not even a cat or canary in the house.

Big Bear was always savage, and had not been fed since early morning. The schools would soon be out and, as some little folks passed that way on their way home, he must not be hungry. Isaac had left a large pot of porridge ready for Bruin's supper. I put as much of it with milk in a bucket as I thought would content him, watched until he was not near by, set it out, called him, hurried in and closed the door. Little Bear saw him eating, struggled till he too broke his chain, and I had them both on my hands.

While they quarreled over the first bucket I set out another, but they spilled so much they were not half satisfied ; had found out where the supply came from and must have more. So they bellowed and attacked the door. It was made in two parts. I knew they could tear it to pieces and I must defend it.

I had heard that bears were afraid of fire, and there were some splendid hickory brands in the fireplace. I took up one and opened the upper half of the door a little way.

There they stood, with forepaws on the lower half. Their hot breath puffed into my face, but I had the brand at their noses too soon to let them make an effort to leap over. I did not want to burn them for fear of making them furious, and was careful not to touch either. They did not like the fire and growled and shook their heads. They tried, first on one side,

then on the other; got down and up again; growled and attempted to pass that small movable barrier, but it moved as they did.

Fortunately for me, they acted together. When one turned to the right the other turned with him, and so back again. We must have contested that passage for fifteen minutes before it occurred to them there was another way into the kitchen.

They started together and together reached the window. I was there when they arrived, and that hickory brand was still before their eyes. They growled and dodged some time, trying to pass it, then started for the next window which I gained as soon as they. We went through the old manœuvres, when back they trudged to the kitchen window, then to the door, and once more to the windows.

All at once they remembered there was another side to the house and started around past Tom's domain to the parlor windows. "There!" I thought, "what if they should stop to have a tussle with Tom!" He was shut up that morning, but one of those bears, working from the outside for something he wanted within, would make short work of that cage. Tom would kill them and *he* be loose!

I turned this all over in my mind while going to meet the brothers at the parlor windows. They came promptly, and I was glad to see them. From one to

another they went. Then to the dining-room windows, one after another; but at last they concluded there was something dangerous in that establishment and went and climbed a tree.

I got the buckets, filled them with porridge and milk, put in plenty of sugar, set them out, and called the gentlemen in black to supper. They came fast enough; took their repast; turned over the buckets to be sure there was no more on the other side; came to the door to inquire about sugar, and found fire; thought they might have been mistaken about the windows; went clear around the house for a re-inspection; concluded there was nothing in it that would pay for going after; grew good-tempered and stood up for a boxing match; wrestled, rolled and tumbled; went over to the corn-crib and cider-press, then scampered off through the orchard and away to the woods.

It would not do to let them remain at large. So wrapping up, I took the dinner-horn and a fresh brand and started to hunt Isaac. I knew he was in the south-east ravine chopping wood. As I went along, I traced Big Bear's trail in the snow and found he had made quite an excursion before I saw him.

When, finding Isaac, I wanted him to get some of the neighbors with guns and go and shoot those bears, he laughed, shook his head and said:

"HE COAXED THEM ALONG WITH THE FEED."

"That won't do, nohow!"

It did not appear to be safe for him to go alone and unarmed after the creatures, but he nodded his head saying:

"Don't you be afraid! Hi'll fetch um 'ome all hright."

Then he took a short stick and a bucket of sweetened feed, started out, and about dark came leading Big Bear with Little Bear following. He had traced them easily enough, and found them in a tree getting hickory nuts: coaxed them along with the feed, and when one grew familiar and wanted to hug him, —

"Knapped 'im on the 'ead with the stick!"

If any one could catch bears and tame them with sugar and kindness it would have been Isaac. But the good behavior of a bear is not to be relied upon. It was not long after this that he escaped from Big Bear, only by his employer being near enough to knock his lordship down.

CHAPTER VI.

TOM FINDS ANOTHER VICTIM.

SPRING and summer passed. The sun rose and set until it was time to make hay in the large meadow. One bright forenoon it threatened rain. A great deal of hay was down and there was a call for hands.

My help was a rosy girl who would much rather make hay than work in a hot kitchen. I was vain of my harvest dinners, and had an idea that nobody could cook one as well as myself; so I stayed at home that day, all alone, and got dinner.

During the morning a neighbor came on business and went up into the meadow, but his dog staid with me. Watch was a very large, valuable animal, and did not know that I did not like dogs. I wanted some parsley, and went out at the hall door as that was the nearest way to the garden.

I had forgotten about Tom, and was startled to come upon him crouched for a spring at a cow that was almost within his reach, and instantly he made the leap. The chain was too short and jerked him to the ground. The cow bellowed and ran; her bell rattled. Watch sprang at Tom and they closed in a death struggle at my feet.

I ran for the dinner-horn to call the men, thinking that Tom would have Watch killed before they could come.

In the kitchen lay a heavy sharp hatchet, and I thought that I might hit Tom on the head with it and save Watch. I got the horn, picked up the hatchet, and ran fast as I could to help poor Watch. When I reached the place, behold! no Watch, no Tom was

"HE HAD MOUNTED A LOG."

there, and I had not been gone two minutes. What had happened! The ground was all torn and bloody, but no dog or panther to be seen. I turned to look, and there, not twenty feet from me, stood Tom.

Tom loose! Tom free! I could scarce believe my senses. Nothing so terrible as this had ever before happened.

He had mounted a log and stood, with head erect and drooping tail, sniffing the air as he did in the evening when he wanted to start off for a hunt.

Why didn't Watch hold him? He began the fight, had released him and ran away from his foe. Oh, the coward! But Tom's jaws were dripping, and his white throat all stained with poor Watch's blood. There was a short bit of chain attached to his collar that rattled on the log when he turned his head.

I blew the horn and the creature gave one of his wild shrieks. I thought he was going to start, and was afraid I would lose sight of him. I knew his master would not be long in coming; I could surely keep guard until then. I went nearer, so that I might talk to him and divert his attention from running away. Who could tell what he might do!

I said:

"Tom, Tom! Poor Tom!" and thought of all the men who had guns.

Could any of them find Tom if he were loose in the woods? Would any of them be able to shoot him if they did?

I stayed near him and talked.

"Tom, be quiet, sir!" and walked about, thinking he would not be so likely to crouch and spring on me if I moved.

All the time the queerest thoughts kept running through my head.

"Our Father in Heaven would not let Tom run away and kill some one." There the king and I were standing, face and face together. I says, "How is your majesty? It's mighty pleasant weather! Nice weather, isn't it, Tom? King Tom, you are splendid! Just like a statue of attention. I wonder if my peas will burn. There, the statue is moving. Will he get cross and have me for his dinner before any one comes? The flies will get in my cream. Oh, I hear him coming," and long before I expected, Tom's master rushed between us.

I do not remember how he captured Tom, but he soon led him to his cage. When he was secured the dog's master came from the meadow in a towering passion. Poor Watch had dragged himself to his feet to die, and no wonder he was angry.

Tom's master thought Watch had no business to

place himself in danger. For my part, I was very glad to find that my peas were not burned, and that I had not forgotten to cover the cream.

CHAPTER VII.

TOM GROWS INDEPENDENT.

If I should write a history of all the achievements of Tom and Billy and the Bruin brothers, it would be a very large book.

It was not long after we got rid of Billy that the butcher came and took away the bears.

Tom's master concluded to sell him to a menagerie-man the first opportunity; and then my time would come for goslings and chicks.

Tom had grown to be a splendid specimen, full nine feet long from the point of his nose to the tip of his tail; but all his taming had not broken his spirit. He would keep quiet during the day if nothing came near he thought he could catch, but after sunset he always grew restless.

No matter how savage he was he would lie down at his master's command. His master liked to conquer him, and often took animals away after he had caught them, because he wanted to train him. He

laughed at folks for being afraid, said, "Tom had never hurt anyone and never would."

One cold winter morning, a man came, who had ridden ten miles on horseback to know, "if that panther was roaming the country." Some hunters had seen tracks in the snow and thought he must have made them.

Another man came from an opposite direction. Our panther had been seen in his neighborhood. Another came, and another; but Tom had not been loose.

This was very unpleasant, yet no one wanted to have Tom killed. They liked to come and look at him. It did not cost anything and was as good as a show.

One morning, I was waked by shrieks in the house, calls outside, heavy, rapid steps and scurrying feet.

The whole air seemed full of fright, and I knew Tom was in mischief.

I was in the hall in about three seconds. Sure enough *there was Tom in the dining-room!* It was summer now and the doors were open. His master was running up the yard fast as he could and rushed in at the door, shouting:

"Where is he?"

He had found him loose, crouching in a fence cor-

ner. The men had refused to aid in his recapture and ran and shut themselves up in the barn.

He had tried twice to catch him, but Tom was so confused by his pursuit and commands that he ran into the house. Here he was to answer for himself.

He marched under the table and laid down. His master took hold of his neck:

"Come along, Tom!"

This was just what Tom was not going to do. Old master might go along himself, but Tom had made up his mind to stay under that table. I did not wonder, for it was the nicest place he had found since leaving his native country.

There was no carpet on his house in the chimney corner; no blinds to the windows; no sweetbriar to shut out the light. This room was better than the one they had given him, and an Arkansas stranger ought to have nice quarters.

One thing certain, he was not going to vacate until he was ready. The leaves of the table almost touched the floor and so protected him.

When the men of England wore brass collars their masters could manage them quite easily. While Tom wore a collar his master could manage *him*. The collar was gone, and now, who was master?

The only way to secure Tom was to get him into

his cage. He had probably been roaming all night and would go in if he saw it. He must go ; and the man who used to be his master tried to drag him. He resisted and growled, until the women up-stairs screamed. The men in the barn heard him, too, and kept quiet.

Tom would not go to his cage. The cage must come to Tom.

I could no more lift it than a mountain, but I could hold Tom as well as anybody. The ex-master objected but there was no other way. He resigned his place to me, went as far as the hall, came back, saw that Tom and I were getting on finely, and went out. I said :

"Tom, Tom ! Poor Tom !"

Tom winked and shrugged his shoulders as if he thought me a humbug. I patted his head and said :

"Good Tom ! There, Tom !"

He turned one eye — he thought he heard a chicken. I said :

"Be still, Tom ! Good Tom !"

Tom licked his lips, cracked his teeth together, shifted his weight from one elbow to the other, blinked at a fly and put his head on his paws.

I did not like that, so pulled up his head, and spoke very sternly.

"Be still, Tom! Be still, sir!"

He looked at me as much as to say, "Oh bother!" But he let me hold his head and pat it.

Tom behaved like a gentleman, or an old Tabby cat; and we were having the nicest kind of a time when that great six-footer of a man had to come back. He was *always* getting between Tom and me, and now, after going for that cage and bringing it half way, had taken it back and put it in the old corner and come to conquer Tom. To conquer Tom without a stick!

I thought this great folly, but gave up my place and asked him to keep quiet until I brought his stick. I intended to bring a stick true enough; yes, two sticks, and one would have a good heavy hatchet on one end.

When I reached the hall there was a struggle in the dining-room. The women up-stairs screamed. There was a smash, a crash. Tom was through the window and had taken the sash with him.

I reached the front door in time to see his tail disappear around the corner of the house. Before I got to the corner the ex-master passed me. Tom was in his cage and nobody hurt.

He had a new collar and chain after that. The corn crib was cleared out and he chained in it.

Here he had room to walk, but not to spring, and could not break his fetters. He lived in the corn crib a long time; had as many visitors as a congressman; held levees every few days, and improved his voice in the evening, and became a great vocalist.

There were no steam whistles in those days, but Tom gave promise of things to come in the region of sound.

One day I had good news from Tom, the first I ever had heard of him.

He was sick!

Next day the news was better, and Tom was worse.

Next day it was still better — he was much worse.

The next, — his skin was stretched on sticks and hung in the garret.

This cured me of ever wanting to live on the upper floor of the house.

This is the end of Tom's story.

CHIPPERNIP.

THE people of Boston found that the squirrels which were put on their Common a few years ago were the deadly enemies of the birds; so, bright and cunning as they were, they all had to be sacrificed.

They are, however, near neighbors in our woods. There is no lack of birds on Skitchawang mountain, and it is a famous place for squirrels; whether they ever molest the birds or not I cannot tell, but the different species quarrel with each other and among themselves. I have often seen a red squirrel chasing

a chipmunk to and fro through the woods, up and down trees, over fences and under brush-heaps, almost as rapidly as my eye could follow; and I once saw an old red squirrel carrying off one of her young in her mouth as a cat carries a kitten. She seemed to be fleeing from some enemy, I did not inquire too closely

A "TOUCH OF NATURE."

what, lest it might be one of the rattlesnakes which infest the mountain.

A pair of old grays had their nest near the schoolhouse last summer. We used to see them every other day on the fences, or on the roof, and, as she was never disturbed, she grew quite tame; but, search as we might, neither teacher nor scholars could ever find her nest. Other squirrels used to come into the schoolyard to pick up bits of bread and cake which the scholars threw away while eating their dinner. Dur-

ing the autumn we ate many water-melons, and the squirrels feasted on the seeds.

The chipmunks, who are very provident, would fill their cheeks with them, and scamper away to their holes; but the others ate them on the spot, taking one seed at a time between their paws, sitting upright, and picking out the kernels with great rapidity.

The song says:

> "The squirrel is a pretty bird,
> He has a bushy tail," etc.

but I have seen one whose tail was as bare and more slender than a rat's. He was a very young gray squirrel, with hardly any hair on him, and had mere depressions instead of eyes. My brother got a pair of them from a nest in a big birch tree on the side of the mountain, and proposed raising them. He fed them milk and cream from a tea-spoon, but they were awkward and helpless, and one of them died in a few days. The other seemed likely to follow, when we called a family council, and, in despair, decided to give him to the cat! This was not quite as cruel as it sounds. We had at the time a very handsome tortoise-shell cat named "Lady Lytton." She was very intelligent, and we had taught her the respect due property in whatever form it might be. She never molested chickens or ducklings which were sometimes

brought into the house, and once she allowed a swallow, who had become unable to fly to sit a whole week on the edge of the kitchen wood-box. She had two little kittens in her warm nest in the shed, and there I carried the poor, shivering little squirrel; and explained the case fully.

"Now, Lady Lytton," said I, "you must take care of little Chippernip; he is hungry and cold and he has not any eyes. Do *please* try and see what you can do for him."

Lady Lytton spread her white furry arms and took him in, washed the sour milk from his poor little face, and gave him part of the kittens' supper. From that time Chippernip was provided for. In about three weeks his eyes opened, and he soon began to run about the shed. Puss was always, more anxious about Chip than about the kittens. One night some wild cats came prowling about the shed. Litty fought them valiantly and drove them away. The next night, just at dusk, she brought Chip into the sitting-room, put him on the lounge and then went back for her kittens. We thought she was jealous because none of the family had visited her that day, so we played with them a few minutes and carried them back to the shed. She brought them in again directly, and continued to do so, as we carried them out, for some time. At last,

despairing of making us understand the desperate state of things, she fled with Chippernip to the chamber, and hid him so securely that we could not find him, neither could he escape from his retreat. Lytton then went back to her kittens and spent the night, evidently understanding that they were in less danger than Chip, for she took him first each time. The next morning, as soon as the family had arisen, she went up-

KIND LADY LYTTON.

stairs with the greatest apparent anxiety, and brought him, after which we made her bed in a more secure spot.

She used sometimes to punish her kittens severely, yet I never knew her to get out of patience with Chip but once. She was lying on the flower-stand, where she usually took her day-time naps; and he would pounce upon her from the window-sash, the oleander, and every other eminence within several yards. She

moved from the flower-stand to the rocking-chair, and from there to grandma's easy chair, but none of them were too far away for one of Chip's leaps; he came flying through the air, with his tail — now grown bushy enough — floating like a comet's behind him;

CHIP "DOTH MURDER SLEEP."

lighted on her head or her back, bit her ears and her tail, and was away in a twinkling, making ready to repeat the performance. At last puss thought forbearance had ceased to be a virtue. She caught him in his next leap, held him with one fore-paw, and with the other she cuffed him long and well, then went to

finish her nap on grandma's bed, where, as a great treat, she was sometimes allowed to sleep.

Chippernip used to have fine frolics with the kittens; what he lacked in strength he made up in activity. He would cry out while they rolled him over and over on the floor, and climb to the highest point within reach, where he panted for breath; but, as soon as he regained it, he sprang down upon them, eager to renew the tumble.

Chip was a great mimic. He imitated the cats in all unusual motions, and once, when mother was winding yarn, he watched her intently a few minutes, and then, sitting erect, he began to twirl his paws, keeping time with her hands. When she stopped to untangle her skein he watched to see what she would do next, and when she began winding he went on twirling his paws, and keeping time as before.

Chippernip was never very fond of the food prepared for the cat; and one day, when I gave him a piece of sweet apple, he evidently made up his mind that he would never eat any more "cats' messes." He ate raw apples after this till one day I gave him a baked one, after which he refused raw apples altogether. Then he ate successively apple and pumpkin pie, ginger-bread, rice and bread pudding, and other things — always refusing all but what was his prime favorite at the time — till the nuts were ripe.

My brother brought him some chestnuts one day — this was food fit for the gŏds, Chip thought. He had his supper of them, and the rest were saved for his breakfast; but alas! his keen sense of smell told him where they were, and he climbed up to the pocket containing them, devoured the whole of them, and went to sleep on the shells.

He paid dearly for the theft, however, for they made

SUMMARY MEASURES.

him deathly sick, and he spent all the next day lying prone in the notch between the two roofs, scolding and chattering at every one who came in his sight. Perhaps he learned not to eat so many, but he certainly did not lose his taste for nuts or his inclination to steal them. He always found out where they were and possessed himself of them, and when the rightful owner came he found only the empty shells. He ate chestnuts mostly, but he would gnaw through a hick-

ory or butternut, and sometimes he would bite an acorn, shell and cup and kernel, into little bits, but I never knew him to eat even a single bite; hunger would probably have brought him to it, but he was never forced to it. He never damaged the furniture, but would often spend half an hour gnawing a bit of stick. It was necessary for him to gnaw some hard substance, I suppose, for the teeth of the Rodents — to which class the squirrels belong — are constantly growing, and unless worn away will cause serious damage.

After Chip considered himself too big to sleep with the kittens he found several beds which he occupied for a night or two; sometimes in the pocket of a coat or dress, hanging in one of the bed-rooms, sometimes in a hat or cap or shawl on the hall table; but at last he settled down to the habit of lodging under the counterpane of grandma's bed. He always had a frolic out-of-doors just at sunset, after which he climbed up the scarlet run-

CHIPPERNIP RETIRES.

ners and went in at the top of the window; the upper sash of which was always left open a couple of inches for his accommodation.

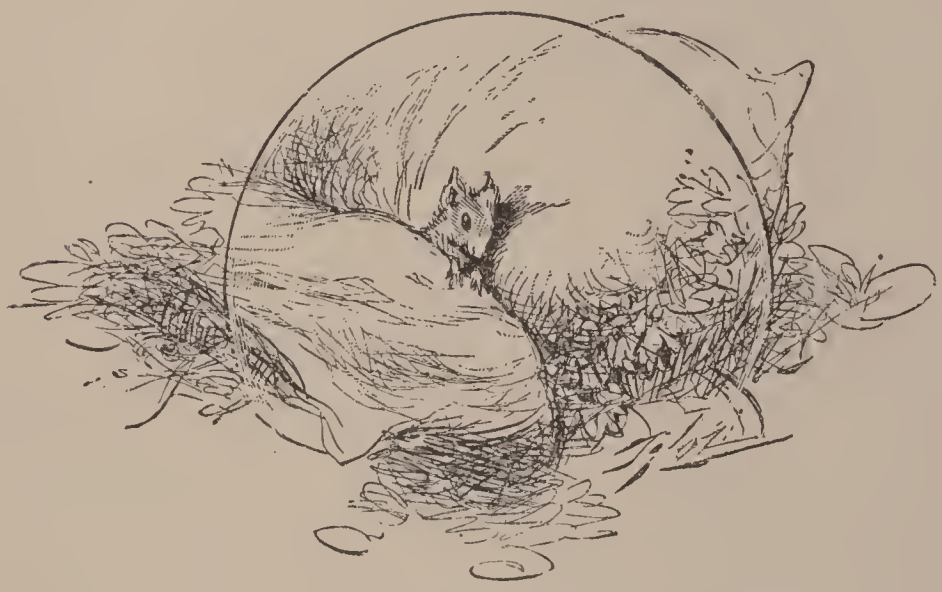
He used generally to take his mid-day naps in some one's pocket — long naps they were too, lasting sometimes for hours; no matter how rudely he was jostled, or how noisy the work we engaged in he was never disturbed. Sometimes we took him out in this way to make a call, but he never liked it, and seldom ran about in a stranger's house, but much preferred to creep back into the pocket, and never felt quite easy till he found himself safe at home.

With all his bright and clever ways I am forced to acknowledge that Chippernip had a very bad temper. It was no uncommon thing for him to get angry with some member of the family, and hold his wrath for a week. At times he would be in good temper with no more than one person, to whom he went for all favors. He never asked to go out or in as the cats did, but would take advantage of their cries, and was very angry if the door was shut before he passed through.

Strangers he despised, and when there were visitors in the house he used to spend his time in the top of a large apple tree overhanging the back door. However anxious we were to show our pet, no amount of coaxing could bring him down, rarely could the finest nuts tempt him within reach. If our guests

spent the night he took his supper at the corn-barn of soft pig-corn, then ran up the bean-stalk to bed; if they stayed several days he visited the family in the kitchen, where he was less likely to be disturbed.

One day a neighbor's child came to call. I was



IN GRANDMA'S BED.

ironing a dress that had been ripped into small bits Chip sat on the board and I spread the pieces over him as I ironed them. He would thrust his head out and watch me till I had nearly finished another piece, then run out to receive it while it was warm.

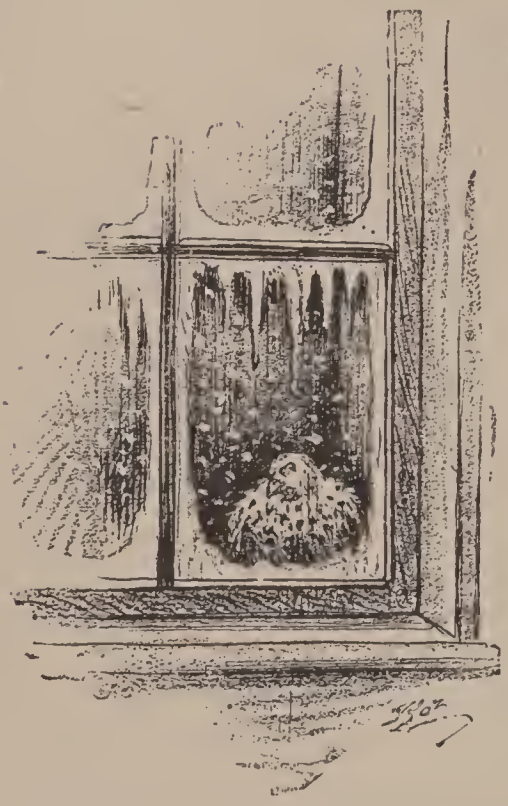
He scolded a little when Charlie came in, but the fun was too good to lose, so we went on. Charlie enjoyed it very much, and could not resist the temptation to try it himself, so he spread his little pocket

handkerchief over him. Chip was out of his tent in a twinkling, with blazing eyes and bristling tail. If his strength had equalled his anger he would have been more dangerous than a Bengal tiger. He watched Charlie intently, running up and down on the edge of the board to keep as near him as possible, scolding and chattering with rage.

Charlie was going home full of terror of the little fury, but I persuaded him to stay, and put Chip in my pocket, where he still kept a lookout from the top for his enemy.

One bright Sunday morning in November Chippernip was taking his usual run in the orchard, when some lawless hunters came by and, as we suppose, either caught or shot him, for he never came up his ladder of scarlet runners to grandma's bed any more.

A TRUE STORY ABOUT PETS.



ONE cold night in February, while we were sitting around the cosy fire, we heard a noise at the window.

On opening it we found a little speckled hen, brown and white. We took the shivering, benumbed little creature in and cared for her. She stayed about the house all winter, and in early spring she made herself a nest down in a cosy corner of the woodshed, and after a while we gave her thirteen large Brahma eggs to sit on.

The weather was very cold when she came off, the

1st of April, leading six soft little chicks up to the kitchen door. One of the poor little babies lived only a few weeks, but the others were healthy and strong. It continued a cold, stormy spring, so we made a coop for the little stranger and her babies near the house and took fond care of them all.

But what do you think? When the babies were just three weeks old their naughty little mother left them, left them to care for themselves, so they never learned a great many things that all well-brought-up chickens are taught. For one thing, they never learned to roost, but would nestle together on the ground, just as if the mother-hen were about to cover them with her warm feathers.

We had to give them all the more care because they were so helpless, and we petted them a great deal. We fed them choice bits from the table, especially meat, of which they were very fond. While they were still quite young they learned to stand in a row in front of me, and take their meat in turn, so that all would be served alike. Sometimes we would take them in our laps and rock them, and often held them in our warm hands and petted them, out in the yard. They seemed to enjoy it all as much as kittens would.

As they grew older we gave them names. There

were three roosters and two hens. One of the roosters we named "Nicodemus," because he always seemed anxious to look into matters. He was always peeping about into boxes and corners. He was so tall he could reach up to the top of a table and peck at things upon it.

Sometimes when we forgot and left things within reach upon the kitchen table, he would step in and

THEY LEARNED TO STAND IN A ROW.

help himself very freely. He grew to be so large and fat, perhaps on account of the goodies he stole, that he could only walk a little distance without sitting down upon the ground to rest.

Another rooster we called "Zaccheus" because he was the only one that ever learned to climb at all, and

he never got any higher than the saw-horse. But he made it up by stretching his neck alarmingly, so that he stood as tall as two roosters ought to be. He, too, was a fine and very large rooster.

But the "cock of the walk" was "Captain White." He was a pure white fowl, with the exception of some fine feathers in his tail and a bright red head-piece. The Captain knew very well that he was a handsome fowl, and strutted about and asserted his rights in a very dignified manner.

The largest of the two hens we named "Snow-flake," because she really was as white as pure snow, and she went about so softly she scarcely seemed to touch the ground. She was a large, noble creature, and took a motherly care of her brothers and sister, always trying to destroy all jealousy between them. There was sometimes a good deal of this on account of the pet of the yard, our handsome little "Beauty." She was a vain, happy little hen, and dearly did she love to stir up a fuss for Captain White to settle. It was really a very happy family, except when Nick or Zach were too attentive to their sisters; then Captain White very soon showed them their proper places. He never fought until he thought it positively necessary, and then he did it up in such a thorough way that it lasted. Indeed, he had perfect command over

the brood. He always insisted on walking between his two sisters, making poor Nick and Zach follow meekly behind. They might scratch for their sisters if he were by, but let them try it when he was resting somewhere! Then what a fuss he would make! He would fly toward them on the wings of the wind.

HELPING HIMSELF.

It was laughable to see the squabble and hear the scolding and pleading. Snowflake always did her best to make peace, and always succeeded, at last.

But the chickens had one trouble that they could not get rid of. My kitten, "Fairy," was forever teasing them.

When they were in line, eating their meat, Fairy would suddenly jump into their midst from some place in which she had been hiding, and when she had excited a great cackling and general disturbance, she looked *so* satisfied and *so* amused.

Our neighbor, Mrs. Grey, had a garden, and all summer we kept the fence tightly stopped near the ground so that the chickens could not get through; and as they never learned to fly two feet they did not often get over on the other side. When they did, we always went over and drove them home at once. In the autumn Mrs. Grey wished them to come over and pick up bits about the yard. They were so pretty she said it would be a pleasure to look at them. So we took off the lower board of the fence that they might go through, but they would only all get fairly over when Fairy would go after them and drive every chick home; and when that was accomplished she would look as wise and cute as could be!

When Captain White procured some choice bit, and called the rest to share, Fairy would wait until they were all busy eating, and then suddenly she would run right in among them, and disperse them.

Fairy played a great many pranks beside teasing the chickens. One day in autumn she was sitting on the porch near a great sycamore tree. The large

leaves were falling to the ground, and Fairy would watch each leaf as eagerly as if it were a mouse, and

FAIRY.

the moment it touched the ground would pounce upon it, and picking it up in her mouth, carry it round to the back of the house, where there was an empty basket. Into this she kept putting them until it was full. What her object in this was, I never knew.

She delighted to sit on my lap and have me rock her and sing to her.

As long as I sang in a low voice she would sit still and purr, but as soon as I sang loud, or high, she would jump up and put her paw on my mouth as much as to say, "O, *do* stop that noise!"

One winter she slept on the foot of my bed. Every evening at nine o'clock she would mew at the door for me to open it, and would go up-stairs to bed. I don't know how she knew when it was nine o'clock, but she seldom made a mistake. In the morning, if she wanted to go out of the window before I was awake she would come and waken me.

When I made my bed, I either was obliged to shut her out of my room or allow her time for a regular frolic. As fast as I would smooth the feather bed she would jump upon it and disarrange it; and when I threw on the covers she would catch hold of them and try to pull them off. I would allow her this fun for a while, and sometimes she would stop after a good romp; but oftener I had to put her out before I could arrange the room.

THE TRUE STORY OF A TAME CROW.

ONCE upon a time there was a round-faced, brown-eyed boy whom we will call Tom, because that was not his name.

He was so tender-hearted he cried when he saw the seamstress cutting up his father's coat, as if he thought his father was being dismembered. Before he could speak quite plainly he could repeat:

"If ever I see,
On bush or tree,
Young birds in a pretty nest,
I must not in my play
Steal the birds away,
To grieve their mother's breast;"

and with such pathos there were tears in his voice.

I said in my haste: "This is a boy without any depravity, who will grow up the champion defender of all helpless creatures."

Now when this boy, "without any depravity," was twelve years old, what do you think he did?

A CAP FULL OF CROWS!

He brought home from the woods near by *a cap full of unfledged crows!*

You will say a change had come over his spirit. I should think so! It came in the way of a strong temptation. When Tom wanted anything he wanted it dreadfully. Somewhere Tom had read or heard that the crow was a bird of superior intelligence, and could be taught to talk. The idea of training a bird to say, "Molly, put the kettle on!" took possession of Tom's vivid fancy. He began to ponder upon

wide possibilities in the intellectual development of crows. He wandered daily to the woods with his younger brother, and together they watched a pair of crows building their nest. The boys formed their own plans and kept their own counsel.

Upon a certain day in April, when the eggs had been hatched about two weeks, the old birds left the nest and sailed out of sight.

"I think they have gone to catch fish in Jamaica Bay," said Tom.

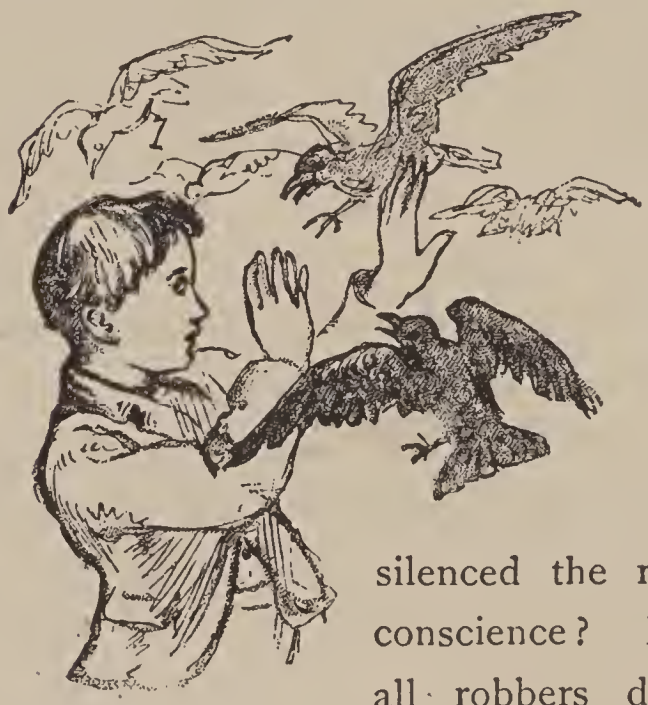
"Now is your time," said the brother, twitching his Scotch cap off from his yellow curls and handing it to Tom.

Tom tucked the cap under his arm and climbed the cedar-tree that held the nest. He looked in. Five red throats opened almost wide enough to swallow him. As they gaped they screamed. Tom's bright eyes grew greedy considering which he had best take.

He reflects: They have no feathers. One bird alone will be *so* cold — and lonesome. Besides, it is such a curious sight. Their throats look like a bunch of red tulips. His brother must see them; yes — he will take them all!

This passed through his mind quickly. The old birds could not have been far off, for while he was

transferring the last one they attacked Tom with fury. How he came down with any eyes left in his head is a mystery. They summoned all the crows in Queens County, and there was more cawing than at a political caucus. For hours the woods resounded with screams.



THEY ATTACKED TOM!

Naturally you will ask how Tom silenced the reproaches of his conscience? In the same way all robbers do, whether boys, men or nations. He raised the cry of philanthropy. He argued in this wise: "It is true that you, Tom Stuart, have removed these young birds from the parental crows' keeping, but you have done it with the high motive of improving their condition."

And let us not be too hard upon Tom for his specious self-vindication. Only the other day a party of Statesmen went off bird's-nesting to Berlin, and Lord Beaconsfield, the great English premier, came home with the Island of Cyprus in his pocket — a very fine

chicken, which he is going to take care of for its mother, Turkey.

I will do Tom the justice to say that he looked tenderly at his helpless dependants, and resolved himself into a whole Orphan Asylum for their care. But he found that being an Asylum for Orphan Birds is no sinecure. Those five mouths were always stretched for "more," and their nutriment was limited to raw flesh and raw fish carefully minced. The first week all his spending-money went to the butcher.

Reluctantly he gave his neighbor, little blue-eyed Dora, the crow of brightest promise. The very next day Dora's brother — almost a baby — dropped a marble into the gaping throat and thus ended fledgling Number One.

Numbers Two and Three were given to his friend Harry, who, having theories of his own, experimented with their nourishment and they died of indigestion. A carpenter who came upon the place to repair a sail-boat is suspected of carrying off Number Four. But Number Five surnamed "Dick" remained, and is the subject of this Biography.

Having safely passed the fledgling stage he became a very miscellaneous feeder, fond of meat, fruit, grain and shell-fish. I think perhaps there was nothing he ate with so royal an appetite as a raw clam.

He had a set of hooks at the root of his tongue with which he could raise up anything he had swallowed if, upon second thoughts, he concluded to make room for something else he liked better. Once he swallowed a whole string of currants. He seemed dissatisfied — thought about it — hooked it out — picked off and rejected one withered currant, and then, with great gravity, swallowed the string over again. He helped himself to ripe pears from the tree, scolding loudly if anyone else took any; never ate a bunch of grapes, but selected the best and ripest from all the bunch; picked every reddening tomato and pepper, not, I think, because he liked the taste, but on account of his love for bright colors.

After his last brother was stolen by the carpenter, Dick became as intimate with the family as a dog. He never left home — which was a place of twelve acres — except in the company of a flock of pigeons that lived over the stable. They tolerated his attendance with an air of aversion as though he were an intruder of some low Ethiopian family.

HE SEEMED DISSATISFIED.

But Dick was a great deal handsomer and more aristocratic than the whitest of the doves. His head was a beautiful shape, with a large brain

and an eye of fine intelligence. His perfect health showed in glorious blue-black plumage. Every feather was brighter than silk.

In the old burial of Cock Robin the crow officiated as Parson. There was nothing parsonic or funereal in the tastes of our Dick. He was a wag. If Pussy lay stretched asleep in the sun Dick would steal up and give her tail a sudden tweak. When she started up and looked about in angry surprise he would be standing off, blinking with such an air of innocence even feline suspicion did not fall upon him.

A half witted servant about sixteen years old entertained a superstitious fear of Dick. He divined it and made that girl's life a burden. It was her business to gather vegetables and fruit for dinner. When she began to pick peas Dick would swoop down from some distant tree, clutch her shaker bonnet from her head,

SAIL OUT OF HER REACH.

sail out of her reach, then drop it and jump upon it with mad, furious fun — while her frantic shrieks would inform everybody in the neighborhood of the whimsical performance that was going on. She was the only person afraid of him, and he persecuted only her, though he did not refrain from practical jokes upon his best friends.

Tom kept very intimate relations with his grandmother. He carried on most of his enterprises under her sitting-room window because he liked to talk with her and he found it convenient to borrow certain articles she kept at hand. Once, when she made a visit to Staten Island and was gone several weeks, Tom was found sitting outside her door looking so desolate his mother asked him what was the matter. "I *do* wish grandma would come home and bring her *string-bag!*" he said, in the most injured manner.

Grandma wore a wonderful pocket, in which she carried a knife, a pair of round-pointed scissors, and a pincushion that looked just like a red tomato. Tom was making a kite. As usual he was under her window. He called:

"Grandma, will you let me take your red pincushion?"

She handed it down to him, saying:

"Be sure and bring it back. Remember, you have

a lame grandmother who cannot run after her things."

He gave his promise with utmost sincerity. No sooner had he laid it beside him than Dick rose with it in his beak, alighted on the barn and planted it in the gutter, covering it with wet leaves. He did the same with a letter that was to be sent in haste to the post-office. The magpie nature stood out strongly in Dick, and nothing could be funnier than his air of business and mystery when he thought he was hiding some stolen thing. He chose a rustic basket that crowned an old stump for his bank. Here he secreted pieces of china, bits of glass, several buttons, two or three pennies, and some large bright beads. If anyone approached this safety-deposit he came screaming to the rescue.

Tom had a way of throwing himself on his face at full length in the orchard. Dick would walk over him, nip his ears and pull his hair, and never give up his investigations till Tom rose up laughing, to convince Dick that nothing was the matter.

Tom's brother had a curious, troublesome idiosyncracy. The boy was always absent at meal-time. When the family assembled at dinner this lad was always missing. The half-witted girl would be sent ringing a bell through the grounds, like a town-crier,

for the delinquent. Invariably he was found in the deep grass catching grasshoppers, which he fed to Dick sitting upon his shoulder, who received and swallowed them as coolly as if boys were created especially to serve him with grasshoppers.

One peculiar characteristic of Dick was, that he never showed any fondness for the ladies of the family, but was all devotion to the lords of creation. When the gentleman of the house sat reading upon the piazza, Dick would hop upon the arm of his chair, pull his paper, peck gently at his eye-glasses, croon confidentially in his ear, untie his shoes, and in a dozen ways court his attention. He never would go to bed until he had first flown to his master and received from him a caress for "good-night."

He had perfect confidence in human beings and never showed any fear of them, not even of strangers. If by chance, however, wild crows came about he was terrified; and, what is singular, they seemed equally to fear Dick. Once, when a hen-hawk circled overhead, he flew to the gardener and clung to his neck with cries of alarm that seemed half human.

It was a custom of Tom's family on fine Sundays to walk the mile to the village church. In October dawned such a day when every condition of nature

made the walk a delight. Father and mother with the children set forth. Dick was in his most sociable mood and resolved not to be left behind. Was ever before seen such an odd escort for a family going to church? This great, black, glossy bird sailed just overhead, alighting on fences, evidently considering himself as good a christian as a white man.

After some bright speculation about the probable sensation if Dick should be allowed to enter church, Tom was sent to take him home. A wild cherry tree grew beside the gate. It was Dick's habit to perch here when he felt lonesome, to watch for his friends. This Sunday after his return he mounted this outlook. Tom's grandmother saw him from her window. Suddenly the stillness was broken by a gun. Dick was not to be seen. The Spitz dog was barking furiously. The witless servant ran out and saw two vandal sportsmen disappearing down the road with guns. Doubtless they carried away the body of our dear Dick in their murderous hands. No citizen of the neighborhood would have pulled a trigger to harm him. It was a wanton deed by stragglers from the city, who, I dare say, never dreamed of the heartbreak that a whole family suffered over the fate of their confiding, affectionate, fun-loving "Dick."

LITTLE WILLIE.

DO any of the WIDE AWAKE boys take an interest in opossums?

During a protracted stay in Australia, I had many opportunities of observing the frolicsome gambols of these woolly elves of the forests. They were widely removed from the "sluggish" or "stupid" little creatures they seem to be in America.

I have seen one of our fields left in the evening ready for the next day's carting; the rich, heavy sheaves nicely set up and "capped" in compact shocks, running from end to end of a "paddock" of thirty acres; and I have visited the same field in the morning, to be reluctantly convinced that my favorite opossums were really the mischievous imps all Australians consider them.

Scarcely a line of shocks remained as it was; but

instead, numbers lay prostrate, the sheaves scattered, the bands untied, and the heavy corn beaten and trampled down, partly eaten, and scattered about in woful waste and disorder.

The chief scenes of the destruction were within wide circles around several very large dead gum-trees, which had been singed and left to perish; and up and down these trees, and among their great bare branches, and round about the shocks of corn, it appeared that the maddest of the opossums' revels had gone on.

I kept one of the common species, tamed, in my house for some months and I learned their troublesome activity too well.

One of our servants, when out at night shooting them, killed two does, — as the female opossums are called, — each having a young one in her pouch. And these he brought to me. They were then about two-thirds the size of an ordinary squirrel; grayish-brown, soft-furred, sweet-faced little creatures, and I was as delighted with my prize as a child, and directly ordered a large tea-chest to be made into a cage with thin bars and a door on one side.

As the man went on preparing the new abode, he observed quietly:

"Ah, Miss! I've known many a people as kep'

tame 'possums, but never a one as wasn't glad to be quit of 'em again!"

This, however, I treated as most unworthy prejudice and it diminished nothing of my zeal for the comfort of my poor little orphan pets.

I gave them a warm bed of wool and fresh hay, in which they hid themselves during the day, clasping each other with their paws and tails into one round ball. I fed them with bread soaked in milk and sweetened; but for the first few evenings I had to give it to them very carefully on account of their sharp little teeth and claws. Afterwards they fed themselves, picking a piece out of the saucer and holding it in their forepaws, which, as well as the hind feet, have the toes so long and slender as to seem just like fingers; and in these little creatures the texture and color of the skin was soft and fair, quite a delicate pink, like a baby's fingers.

They grew fast and played with each other at night, and after a time began to eat young corn, grass and parsley. One day, when clipping the thyme in my flower beds, I unfortunately offered them a small bit in blossom. One of them refused it; but the other ate a small sprig and coiled itself up to sleep again. A friend, dining with me that day, hearing me mention having given some thyme to the opossum, immediately said that it would die.

At night, when the cage was, as usual, carried in from the veranda to the hall, I saw that the one which had eaten the thyme was ill and would not touch its food. Its eyes were dim, its nose hot and dry. My attempts to relieve it were all unavailing and it grew rapidly worse, — not noticing the efforts of its little companion to rouse it up to play as usual, — and in the morning it was dead.

The survivor, little Willie, continued growing and thriving well, and soon learned to unfasten his cage and let himself out into the hall, and then, such a scampering and scrambling and leaping and scuffling began, as no decent household who did *not* keep "tame 'possums," ever heard before.

Up the wall and along the row of hat pegs, knocking off all the hats and parasols to begin with; then, before you had time to catch a glimpse of him, frisking into the parlor, twisting his long tail over the top of a chair and swinging by it gently to and fro, till, suddenly, he takes aim at the sideboard, springs upon that, kicking off everything in his way, such as a stray decanter or vase of flowers; then he runs around the back to the centre scroll-work where he sits plotting new mischief, though seeming wholly occupied combing his whiskers with a forepaw. If my open work-box were on the table, he made it a rule to spring up, hook his tail into it, and straightway upset the whole

apparatus, flying before the scattered contents into a corner and peeping out like a sly, spirited, half-shy half-frightened child.

At last we made a rule never to admit Willy of an evening until we were disposed to be idle. For to read, write or work, with this spirit of mischief in the room was impossible; and he was restricted to the hall with a fresh, young wattle-tree (perpetually renewed), set upright in a stand for his special comfort.

Perhaps the drollest thing was, to see him at supper after he had attained the size of a cat, and was quite independent in his ways and manners. Willy's tree stood close to the table where his cage and saucer of bread and milk were placed at night; and as he hung like a great live pendulum, swaying about from a high branch, he would stretch out one hand and, taking a piece of bread, proceed very composedly to eat it, with his head hanging down and his hind feet uppermost. The sight of my little playfellow swallowing his food in this topsy-turvy style, was enough to give anyone a fit of indigestion.

Willy fully appreciated the delights of society, and used to make clamorous demands to be let into the parlor long before the appointed hour, by running around the architrave of the door and crying angrily

from he top. One night, to spite us he contrived to slip into my bed room and remained peeping at me over the cornice of the bed, until I pulled on a pair of strong gloves and dislodged him.

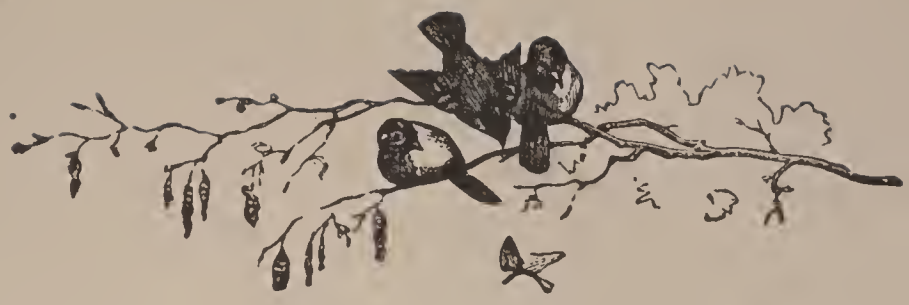
One evening, when the weather was very sultry, with constant lightning and distant thunder, Willy failed to appear and I sought him in vain. He had eaten his bread and milk and was gone. Every place was examined and we had given him up for lost, when I saw something, long and dark, hanging out of one of my father's hats against the wall. This proved to be Possey's tail. I would not have him disturbed and he did not move till daylight. The tempest increased to a fearful height; the lightning was, for seven or eight hours, literally incessant, and the simultaneous peals of thunder were deafening.

Willy, with animal instinct, had doubtless known a storm was at hand, and, as if in the forest, he would have sought shelter in a hollow tree, so, now, though well-housed, he sought a place of concealment.

Latterly he often opened his cage before the time when it was carried indoors; but I did not fear losing him as he always cantered into the house. But one evening, in going to his cage I found it open as usual, and my "bird was flown."

After this, we heard almost nightly an opossum on

the roof, and things left outside were tossed about much in Willy's scrambling style, so we believed the house still to be visited by its old inmate. But, though tempted by bread and milk, Willie never returned to his cage; nor, I must candidly own, should I have cared to recover my pretty plague, could I have felt certain he was well and happy; for I *had* sometimes acknowledged that keeping one "tame 'possum," or a pet Phalanger, (for so the zoologically learned term an opossum,) had given me a sufficient insight into their manners and habits in a domestic state.



DANIEL.

"O DEAR!" said Margie, "I haven't brought Daniel in!"

"Why can't you leave him out all night?" said I.

"O, because I'm so afraid a cat might catch him!"

Margie was already in bed, and so was everybody but me; so I went softly down stairs, unlocked the front door, and stepped out on the long piazza.

What a beautiful great moon! what dark shadows on the grass! and how quiet! It seemed a shame to go to bed, and I hated to disturb Daniel, curled so peacefully into a feathery ball on his perch.

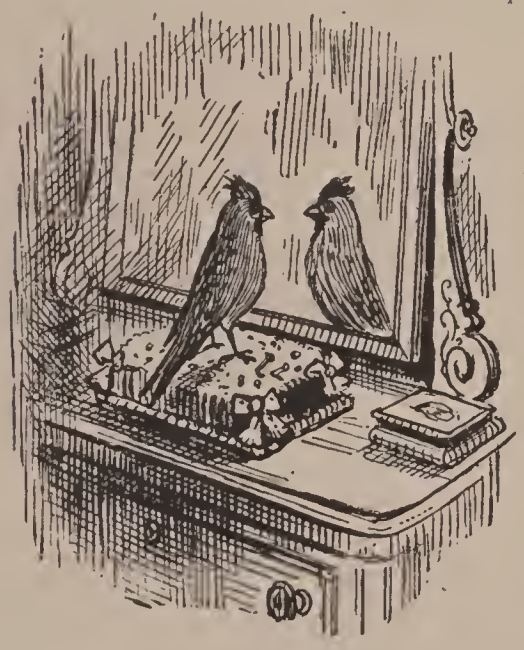
But I lifted down the heavy cage, carefully, too, lest I spill water from his saucer, and he began, as usual when waked up, "Took, took, took, took, took!" in a sort of whispered clucking. I carried him to the

farthest corner of the kitchen, shutting every door as I returned, that the household need not be roused by him in the morning; and the last thing I heard as I left him in the dark was his cosy little "Took-took, *took-took!*"

This Daniel is a beautiful red-bird. Till I came to Kansas I did not know what a red-bird was. Of the many here, Daniel was my first acquaintance; and I found him about the size and shape of a robin, a gray-red all over, except a peculiar black mark across the face and down on the throat, as if he had put his red beak through a black ring and held it there. His eyes are like jet beads, and on his head is a tuft of feathers which he can erect when he chooses. This occurs when he is excited in any way, whether startled, or vexed, or even when in very good spirits, as a horse moves its ears. A single feather is not red all through, except the long ones of the wings and tail, but is mouse-color, red-tipped. This undertone of gray softens and enriches the general vividness of hue. In winter Daniel was not very red, except his bill and breast; but as spring advanced he grew brighter and brighter, till he became gorgeous. With increase of color his voice returned also, which during the cold weather was wanting.

Some boys caught him in a snare two winters ago,

and gave him to my little daughter. I was reluctant to keep him imprisoned, but Margie begged so hard that I yielded, hoping he would escape some day. Red-birds are hard to tame, but under Margie's loving care Daniel seems to have forgotten his former freedom, and of his own accord returns to his cage after being allowed the range of the room. It is so funny at such times to see him look at himself in the glass on the bureau! For a better view he will hop upon the pincushion, and there will gaze at the beautiful bright creature before him, till Margie has called me, and I have called Charley, and Charley has called Kate, and we stand there whispering: "Did you shut the door tight?" "Do see him!" "There, you've scared him off!" "No, no, — he's only turning around!" Suddenly, off he darts to the back of a chair, where he slips on its curved top till he slides off; but he recovers himself before touching the floor, and, with



AT THE MIRROR.

a dipping flight, gains the summit of the wardrobe. Here he "views the landscape o'er," and decides on the German ivy as the next point he will visit.

Now he is more picturesque than ever, on the broad window-sill in the sunlight, all tip-toe to reach over the brim of the tall pot-plants and take delectable little bites from the delicate green leaves whose color is such a contrast to his bright red!

ON THE WINDOW-SILL.

If I hadn't shut fast all those doors to-night when I left Daniel, this is what I should hear to-morrow early, in clearest, airiest tones: "Pee-*choo*dle, pee*choo*dle, pee-*choo*dle, *pee*choodle!"

Then I should get another nap, by and by cut short by the quick staccato: Peechoodle, peechood'! peechoodle, pee!"

Another pause.

Then, suddenly, "Peechoodle, peechoo', — choo, choo, choo, *choo*, CHOO!"

Pause again:

"Rrwhit! r-r-r-whitt! you *do*, you *do*, you *do!* *You* do, *you* do, *you* do! pr-r-r-r-r!"— the trill 'way down, under his breath.

This contents him a good while, so that I get 'most asleep again. Suddenly rings out a loud whistle whose wild-wood notes can not be put into human words; and in despair at being broad awake in spite of me, I say aloud, "O Daniel, Daniel!" though Daniel is too far off to hear me, and might only feel pleased if he should. But by the time he purrs again I grow good-natured, for somehow that unique note makes me want to hug him!

A dozen times a day Margie exclaims in true Western phrase, "Just listen at Daniel, mamma!" and again, "O, I think he is so cute!" And in view of her pleasure and his apparent content I cannot find it in my heart to let him loose yet, although I always think, "I will sometime, perhaps!"

SOME SPUNKY BIRDS.

OUR cat's name is Tige. It is short for Tigridia. He is spotted and marked like the elegant Tigridia blossom.

We used to call him Nimrod, he was such a "mighty hunter." The neighbors used to borrow him when their ratification meetings grew so noisy as to need a moderator. Sometimes Maria would come over from Mrs. Ems', and ring the bell and say, "Is Tige at home? There's mice."

And Mrs. Aitch would say, "Can Tige spend the night with us? We've rats."

And the next day they would say, "Much obliged,—he's cleaned them all out."

But Tige is a changed and humbled cat; he is a

SOME SPUNKY BIRDS.

conquered cat, and conquered by — a pair of old robins!

They began a nest in the apple tree in our back yard, Tige smiled, for Tige, in his way, is very fond of birds,— especially at his breakfast time. He let them get their nest well under way and then he went for them. He crept up the tree, lay across the nest,— and waited.

The robins came, and our hitherto invincible Tige found his Waterloo.

They pecked his eyes, they pecked his nose, they pecked the top of his elegant head. Out of the tree he scrambled and fell, and they swooped down upon him and with their claws they pulled out great bunches of the handsome fur of his handsome back. He ran for the house, and they followed him to the very threshold. Then they filled the air with their angry opinions. They scolded, defied and threatened,— and Tige gave in.

Now those robins hop close to our back door, and look saucily into our back windows. They are feeding their fledglings now. Tige sees the dainty morsels of their long tender necks — and walks away. He has given up the back yard to them, while he goes in and out the front way, and lies in the parlor, on his scarlet damask cushion,— a Conquered Cat!

FRED'S PET.

"MOTHER! grandma!" shouted Fred, rushing pell-mell into the house and clattering up-stairs. "Come down, quick! I've something to show you."

Mother and grandma obediently followed downstairs and out on the west porch. There, in the grass, lay a little animal, black as a coal, with long, slender limbs, bright eyes, a small head, and lopping ears.

Grandma, at the first glance, thought it was a terrier, and cried out in dismay — for she was afraid of dogs of any description. But her fears were speedily banished. It was a kid, which pet-loving Fred had bought for a trifle of a school-mate who rejoiced in the possession of a family of goats.

Grandma at first demurred about keeping him; but she was seldom proof against Fred's pleadings, and the arguments he always set forth on bringing

home a live acquisition of any kind, whatever:

"You won't let me have a dog, grandma! You *might* let me keep this, I'm sure. I'd rather, ten thousand times have a dog, but he's better than nothing."

THE NEW PET IS WELCOMED.

"Nothing! My dear boy, haven't you Charlie to ride almost any time? And don't you own hens, and pigeons, and rabbits, and cats and kittens by the dozen? You'd like a whole menagerie, I do believe."

"I would grandma, first-rate. But, honestly, I'd give all the pets I have for a dog."

"Well, well, let the dogs alone while I'm alive, and you may keep the kid for all me. As to your mother, she likes it as well as you do I don't doubt."

"Mother" was at this moment sitting on the grass holding the little creature in her lap, tenderly patting and talking to him. Mother's consent was always

taken for granted in Fred's pet-enterprises. So it was settled that Billy should stay.

"Though I don't see what you want him for," added the old lady. "It's not for beauty's sake, anyway."

To be sure he was not very pretty at that time, for he was thin and covered with short, coarse hair that had no hint of gloss.

But, as Fred said, he would grow; and grow he did, very fast, thriving on milk and clover. His young master had to teach him to drink, after trying vainly to borrow the baby's nursing-bottle; and, after Billy had learned, he would not touch his milk unless it was warmed for him. He soon learned when to expect his breakfast and supper, and would trot up to the kitchen door, put in his head and bleat. When his milk was set down before him he knelt on his forelegs and lapped it very fast, wagging his little stumpy tail, dog-fashion, all the while.

Sometimes, when the family were gathered around the table, they would hear soft, pattering footsteps along the entry and, presently, the door would be gently pushed open and a little black head appear, with pleasant, dark eyes, and a ludicrous gravity of expression. Billy usually waited, however, for an invitation to enter, and stood quietly looking from one

to another till some one, generally grandma, said, "Come, Billy!"

She said it, to be sure, under protest, but the little creature's mute pleading was more than her gentle, easy-to-be-entreated nature could withstand. His goatship had found this out, and little did he care whether anybody else wanted him or not. In he came, glad and triumphant as a child when some marked privilege is accorded, trotted around the room, rubbed his head against her, and then looked for his breakfast.

The sight of a round tin dish was sure to raise his

AT BREAKFAST.

spirits, and even its standing on the stove was no hindrance in his estimation. With his forefeet se-

renely resting on the heated iron in went his nose! O, the shrieks that rang out (from human lips) the first time Billy touched the stove! But his friends soon grew used to it and, finding *he* did not mind, concluded *they* wouldn't, and he was allowed to help himself as he liked.

One morning, when grandma was eating her breakfast alone, she thought she heard the cat behind her chair. "S'cat!" she said; but, on looking around no pussy was visible, only Billy fairly mounted on the stove. He was dancing back and forth, eyeing the table and seeming to enjoy the clatter of his elfish little hoofs. Of course there was not a great fire, but enough to keep the dining-room quite warm and comfortable.

BILLY LIKES HIS MEALS HOT.

Billy dearly liked to trot around the table and

be fed with tid-bits from the plates. Rolls or crackers, cake or pie, never came amiss.

One day he jumped on the lounge, and then, with another spring, landed on the table without breaking or overturning a single dish. But those in authority decided that he had grown too large and active to be allowed in the house. Master Billy had no reason to complain, for he had the range of the whole farm and the barn, besides a stable of his own that his young master had built for him, with a regular stall and crib like that of a horse, and supplied with hay for both food and bedding.

"BEAT IT WHO CAN!"

But Billy was social and liked to stay with folks. As long as Fred would play with him outdoors he was satisfied, but if left alone he would watch his chance and slip into the kitchen. Sometimes, when grandma was sitting quietly at work she would hear him bounding up-stairs, and in he would rush like a

young tornado — shaking his head, and prancing about in high glee at his success. Then there would be "a time" getting him down again. There was no such thing as driving him, for he would go pell-mell over chairs and table, bed and bureau, with small respect for looking glass or china toilet-set. If Fred tried to pull him, he would set his feet like a donkey and hold back, and it did no good to scold or whip him.

By dint of coaxing, crackers and candy, my young gentleman was usually lured down-stairs. He liked apples, and would sometimes come for these, but he could get them for himself under the trees, and much preferred to do so; for, if Fred offered him a very nice one when outdoors, he would sniff at it, leave it, and run off and help himself. He had a way of his own of getting into the bedroom over the kitchen. The wood-pile gave him a convenient footing, whence he would spring upon the shed-roof, jump into the window, and take a nap on the bed whenever he pleased.

One day he jumped into the great wood-wagon and began dancing about on the loose boards. Presently, his foot caught and he could not get it out. Katy heard his frightened cry and, leaving her dinner, ran to his aid. She pulled out his foot, gently,

and he seemed really grateful. He remembered, too, and ever after kept clear of the wagon.

Wherever he might be, even if a long way from the house, when any of the family called him, he would bleat instantly in answer, and come bounding along with all possible speed. He loved to browse in the sunshine, and was very fond of young leaves and small twigs. He would stand on his hind feet and reach up into the bushes and grape-vines, till his body was half hidden — a droll little image enough. When the baby put flowers and leaves in his hat-ribbon, as he often did, they were pretty sure to be eaten off. And when Fred sat reading on the grass Billy would often come up behind him, put his fore-feet on the boy's shoulders, and bite his hat or hair in play.

He was always on friendly terms with one of the cats. Topsy, the black one, never could be won over to good fellowship. She spit at him to begin with, the first time she saw him, and he returned the compliment by a push with his head. His horns were then just beginning to grow. She was somewhat frightened and ever afterwards gave him a wide berth. But Kitty Grey liked to play with him. He would chase her around the dooryard, and she would come right back to him as soon as he stopped, and start again.

He tried to play with the hens, but they did not appreciate his social feeling any more than Topsy did. He would dash in among them when they were

BABY IS ASTONISHED.

eating their breakfast, and they would scatter in all directions; then he would walk off by himself and lie down, or begin to browse, wait till they came back and, in a twinkling, return to the charge.

Fred made a light harness for him and taught him to draw a little wagon, but this took time and patience.

"Why, mother," said he one day, "I never saw a goat learn like this one. The other boys knock their goats about, and thump and scold them; and they tip over the wagon and run away, and do everything but draw. Billy does just as I tell him."

Fred had many a merry time with his four-footed playmate; but, by the time the wagon had become an old story, Billy grew so large and strong that grandma was afraid of him. He would run against her in his rough play, and almost throw her off her

BILLY AND HIS NEW MASTER.

balance. She was anxious, too, about her young trees, and could not bear to see the bark nibbled off; so, she told Fred she would get a pet lamb if he would give Billy away. Fred knew a kind boy who would take good care of him, and was much pleased to have him.

One day, some time after Billy exchanged owners, Fred saw him harnessed to a little wagon and waiting at the door of a grocery for parcels. Fred had a talk with the boy as he was putting in his load, and

found he liked Billy, but that his goatship would draw very well when he pleased, and not at all when he didn't please.

As he grows older "Won't" is likely to predominate over "Will." Let his young master enjoy his services while he can.

THE PET SQUIRREL.

ONE day, as Charley was walking in the woods near his home, he found a little gray squirrel lying on the ground at the foot of a pine tree. It was such a baby squirrel that he felt sure it had strayed away from its home in some hollow tree, and lost its way back. Charley's first thought was to

A FOUNDLING.

hunt for the tree and find the nest and give the baby back to its mother; but, as he looked up, he saw a great black cloud in the sky, and felt a few spatters

of rain on his face, so his second thought was to carry his foundling home. He tucked the little furry thing under his jacket, and ran home to his mother. As he held the little creature against his heart and kept it warm there, he began to love it, and when he got home he asked his mother if he might keep it and take care of it and have it for his own pet. His mother consented, and told him she hoped he would always be good to the little orphan squirrel and never forget to give it food and drink and tender care.

Then she hunted up a basket and a soft old blanket, that used to be wrapped around Charley himself when he was a baby, and she laid the blanket in the basket, so as to make a nice warm nest, and then she put the baby squirrel into it.

Charley named him Dick, and then as he had a name and a nest, the next thing was to find him some supper.

It was plain that Dick could not eat nuts, for he was a baby and had no teeth: perhaps he would lap milk like a kitten. Charley brought some warm milk in a saucer and put Dick's nose into it, but that only made him sneeze. Charley began to look serious, and his mother thoughtful, but she smiled as she spoke:

"When babies lose their mothers they have to take

their milk from a bottle; let us see if baby Dick will do that. Here, Charley, take this money and go to the drug-store and buy a nursing bottle."

Charley ran down street as fast as he could, and soon came back, out of breath, with the nursing bottle in his hand.

His mother poured the warm milk into it, and put the soft rubber top into Dick's mouth: and what do you think—he sucked away just like a little human baby, and I don't believe he ever missed his own Bunny mother again.. Charlie was so pleased that he danced about the room for joy.

At first Dick didn't like the feeling of the bottle against his fur, so Charley's mother covered it with soft flannel, and then Dick was completely satisfied. He would always put his baby paws around it and hold it close to him as he sucked away at his breakfast or supper.

It was such a funny thing for a baby squirrel to use a nursing-bottle, that people who heard of it came from all directions to see the sight, and Dick was quite the wonder of the village.

I am glad to say that Charley was very faithful to his little pet; he never failed to have the milk warm and the bottle clean and ready, and Dick never went hungry. I wish all the babies in the world could have

as good care as Baby Dick had. He soon grew so fond of Charley that he would not take his bottle from anybody else, and he would run all over the house after his little master.

In a little while Dick grew into a very handsome squirrel. His fur was silver gray and very thick and glossy, his eyes were as bright as stars, and his tail was

A GOOD TIME.

so broad and bushy that when he sat down and let it spread over him like an umbrella it covered him all up.

By and by his teeth came, and then he began to eat nuts. It was great fun to see Dick sit up on his hind legs with his great feathery tail waving over him, picking up nuts with his little paws and cracking and eating them so neatly. Everybody in the house petted the little rogue, and he led a very happy life.

Charley's grandmother used to sit at the window, knitting, almost all day, and Dick had a trick of jumping into her lap. One day as he was lying on her lap he smelt a nut in her pocket, so he found his

A SNUG RETREAT.

way in and ate the nut and made a little visit there. After that grandmother took care to have a few nuts in her pocket every day, and roguey Dick found that out and made a real nest of grandmother's pocket; he used to run in and stay there a long time and keep as still as a mouse. Indeed, Dick was very fond of pockets. After awhile he got tired of sleeping in his basket, and took a fancy to the pockets of Papa's overcoat. Every night when he was ready to go to bed, he ran to the hat-tree in the entry and climbed

into his pocket-nest, and slept there till morning. That was the nearest he could come to sleeping in a tree.

But as Dick grew older he grew mischievous: he nibbled the corners of books like any little mouse, jumped into work baskets and upset them and even ran about in the pantry and left the tracks of his little feet on the pies and the butter.

At last Charley's mother said Dick was too big to

"COME, NOW!"

stay in the house any longer and he must go away. Charley thought he would take him to the woods and leave him to be a wild squirrel like his brothers and cousins; but Charley's mother feared Dick had been spoiled for a wild life. She thought he needed somebody to take care of him, so she took him to a kind farmer who had a large farm and a great many pets.

The farmer was glad to have the pretty gray squirrel and Dick liked the farm and the country life. He lived very happily there till he was six years old, and then he died of old age.

A PET BIRD.

THE parsonage, as it was called, was a large, old-fashioned, yellow house, on the summit of a hill. It was built a little back from the road, and had a door-yard in front, enclosed by a neat white fence. On one side was a flower-garden, with green fields and woods beyond. On the other side the silvery river wound, like a blue ribbon, around the hill, and across its waters gleamed the white village and church spire. Grand old elms shaded the house from the summer heat, and a black mulberry tree in the corner, with its wide-spreading branches, made a nice play-house for the children and gave them a yearly feast.

For children there were — seven! Four girls and three boys. And you may believe they had lively times.

Their father was a country minister with the small salary of country ministers in those days — it was many years ago — and he had his hands full, aided to

the utmost by the thrifty mother, to feed and clothe them all. They had few books, and the beautiful toys children have now, were unknown.

But there were stories told by the fireside in winter evenings; there were sleigh rides and coasting frolics in plenty. There were home-made dollies and bits of crockery for dishes; carpenter's blocks and shingle boats. And in summer there was merry out-door life all day long.

They had pets almost without number; the chickens, their own especial care; the horse, that the girls, as well as the boys, rode bare-back without a thought of fear; a little brown dog, the best of playmates; cats and kittens, and the birds that came every day to be fed. Their nests were in almost every tree and the air was full of their glad music. They grew so tame that they would alight on the door-step or window-sill to pick up crumbs, tip their pretty heads one side and look up fearlessly with their bright black eyes into the faces bent over them.

One day the girls found a young blue jay that had fallen out of its nest, or in some way lost its mother. They took him into the house and fed and tended him carefully, and he grew and throve till able to take care of himself. They never caged him, and after he was strong enough to fly he had his full liberty out-doors.

But the little creature did not forget the kindness he had received. He stayed near the house all summer, flying in and out, as it suited him, perching on the shoulders of his friends, and following them about like a dog.

Every morning regularly he flew into Anna's window, alighted on her pillow, and tapped her eyelids

WAKE UP!

gently till she would get up and give him his breakfast. He was very fond of curd, and this she usually gave him. Why he chose her window was best known to himself, for he was the pet of the family; but so it was and he never made a mistake. So Anna would take a piece of curd up-stairs at night, to have it ready for his birdship when he made his early call.

When he had satisfied his appetite he would still linger, hopping about her room, now and then alight-

ing on her shoulder or arm, asking in his own way for notice, and looking up in her face with his bright eyes when she talked to him, as if he understood every word.

While she combed her hair he would stand on her bureau watching her, would pick up her hairpins and hold them, one by one, in his beak till she took them from him. He would take a lock of her hair and

A FAIRY DRESSING-MAID.

draw it gently through his bill, another and another, till it was all crinkled on one side, in a way that now would be quite fashionable ; then he would hop across the bureau and dress the other side to match.

When she was ready he would fly out again or go down-stairs with her and stay socially with the family at breakfast, as happened to suit his convenience. Of course he had plenty to eat ; and one morning, when

a larger piece of curd was given him than he could dispose of at once, he carried it into the study where

"FRIZZES."

the minister sat writing, in dressing-gown and arm-chair, and perched on his shoulder. The old man kept perfectly still and allowed him to do just as he pleased. Very carefully he lifted the collar of the dressing-gown, tucked in his curd snugly, and then, with an air of virtuous satisfaction, smoothed down the collar over it, and took his way out of the window for his morning ramble.

An hour or two afterwards he returned to the study. The minister still sat writing. The bird went straight to him, perched on his shoulder, lifted the collar and took out his property.

It was no uncommon thing for him to follow the

girls when they went to walk or visit their young friends; but what was their surprise and perplexity, one warm Sunday, to see him come sailing into church. Yes, it was their own pet bird — as was evident from his cool, society air as he surveyed the

A NOVEL REFRIGERATOR.

assembly perched on an old lady's bonnet. In those days the bonnets were of a size sufficient to afford standing room for three or four like him. She gave a frightened start and bob, and off he went, but only from a brown-trimmed bonnet to a gray one, and was beginning to raise a gale among the younger portion of the audience, when the minister rose in the pulpit, and birdie, espying his old friend, flew directly to the well-known resting place on his shoulder.

The next Sunday Anna shut up the jay in the attic-chamber. When she returned from church she went

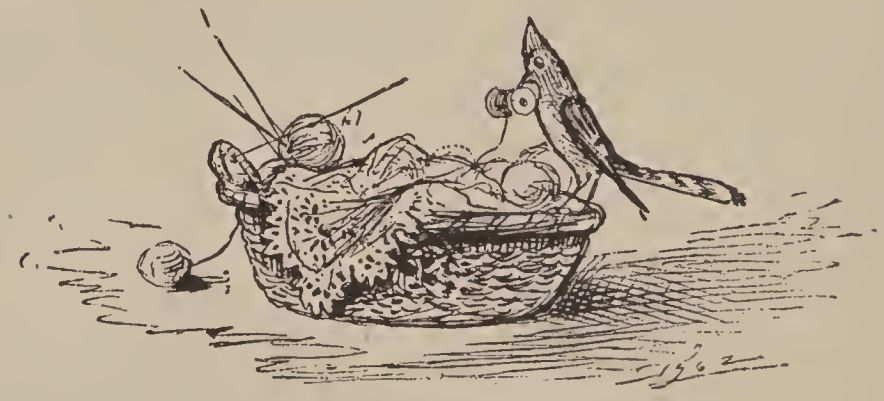
up-stairs to release him, never dreaming of having offended his majesty. But the moment she opened the door he rushed at her as fast as his wings could carry him, and, bristling with temper, gave her two or three pretty severe pecks with his sharp beak. This

A ROOMY PERCH.

satisfied him, however; he never laid up any grudge, but was as friendly and affectionate as before.

Well pleased was the roguish bird when he could find access to a work-basket. A spool afforded him great amusement. He would carry it off among the trees and with an end of the thread in his beak, fly from bough to bough, rolling it off and entangling it in the branches as fast as possible. No use to call him when thus engaged. He would come when it suited his own convenience.

Several times he took possession of a thimble, much to its owner's vexation, and when tired of playing with it, left it wherever he happened to be. Such



ENDLESS ENJOYMENT.

a search she would have in the grass to find it! It was provoking, indeed; but his friends winked at "his ways."

When the autumn days were short and the nights chilly, he departed with a flock of his kind, to a sunnier clime. His friends missed him, and by their winter fire often mentioned him, recounting his pretty ways, and sometimes asking one another:

"Do you think he will come back?"

But no one really expected he would fully remember his old haunts and frequent the house as had been his wont.

Spring came again, with its warm sunshine and fragrant flowers and sweet bird-songs. One of the first pleasant evenings the family were gathered, just after tea, in the wide, old-fashioned porch. Suddenly a bird's cry, a loud, joyous note, startled them for an

instant; and there, sailing over their heads, flapping his wings, alighting on one friendly shoulder and then another and another, rubbing his head against them to ask for caresses, and ever and anon uttering that eager, glad cry — there was their own blue jay.

Every possible sign of delight the little creature showed. Perched on the branches close by, or the honeysuckle vine entwining the porch, he sang his sweetest songs. And he returned to all the old ways, flying in and out, and following his friends, as before.

HENS IN A HORSE-CAR.

THE horse-car slowly tinkled its way up the broad city street.

It was moderately filled with very daintily dressed people who, sitting fronting one another, were busily employed in pretending that there wasn't anyone else there, and that they were as much alone as if they were sitting under a palm tree in the desert of Sahara, and palpably making a failure of such pretence by looking extremely conscious when one of those who didn't pretend looked at them.

The car stopped for the fortieth time or so, and a very large, red-faced woman lumbered in, followed by a very small boy, who stumbled along, treading on ever so many people's toes, and ending by a plunge at a pursy little gentleman as the car got in motion; and the pursy gentleman indignantly rejected him as if he were taking unwarrantable liberties, and gave him such an impetus that it brought him

down on a vacant seat very violently, jouncing a slight "O!" out of his slender throat, and a loud squawk from the fluffy, brown hen that he was care-

AN IMPROMPTU TABLEAU.

fully carrying in his arms, showing that she, too, suffered violence.

It happened that his seat was directly in front of his mother's, and the two were so oddly accompanied, that everyone left off making believe that they didn't see anything and began to stare at the newcomers with lively interest.

Comfortably nestled down on each arm of the motherly, genial, old lady were a great white rooster and a little brown hen, snugly tucked away in the warm red shawl that enveloped her fat person, evidently wonted to be thus carried about.

On the floor of the car there was a great pile of

fresh straw, which so rustled and stirred as to excite the rooster's attention and, like the forecasting head of an active, needy family, he considered the place with warm interest, tipping his head on one

TRAVELLING IN COMFORT.

side, and fastening his blinking eye knowingly on some spot that seemed likely to furnish food for his ravenous family.

He tipped his head over to the other side and searched with the other eye, to make sure, and then fluttered up a little and made various gutteral sounds down in his chest, at the same time turning about as if addressing himself to the slender brown hen, nestled so cosily down in her good-natured mistress's lap.

But the brown hen didn't want anything to eat. Her appetite was quiet, and she meant to improve the time and warmth by taking a gentle nap; so she

shut up both her eyes, tightly, and tucked her head into the little nook that showed itself under the woman's arm, and made her indifference so manifest that the rooster had to understand it.

A new rustle in the straw attracted him again and he examined it anew, this time making such deep noises that they seemed to come from his very claws. They were instantly responded to by the fluffy brown hen the lad carried.

She was of a more energetic character than her sister, and had already surveyed all the car passengers with a keen attention, and immediately replied to the rooster's remarks, which, so far as they could be translated by an observer who was not a hen, meant that down there there was, plainly, an excellent feeding ground, with a great deal to scratch up, and suggestions of such tid-bits as hen-nature would delight in.

There was no need for the rooster to put fine emphasis to his insinuations, the fluffy hen was but too ready to join him in a friendly dig, and with all the impetuosity of her sex she was eager to take the first hop; so, spreading her wings and uttering an exultant cackle, she started for the revel.

Great was her astonishment when the boy would not let her go. She was evidently accustomed to in-

dulgence, and wonted to consideration as to her appetite, and had not been used to restraint. She cocked her head on one side, and fixed her bead-like eye on the boy as though she said, "Do you really

HIPPEN AT HOME.

know what you're about? You never did deny me anything. Why begin now when there's such a rich field?"

The lad was disconcerted. He could not look back again into that eye. He cast an appealing glance at his mother. She assumed as severe a look as she could put on her broad, cheery face, and shook her head.

There was, manifestly, a good understanding between the members of this happy family, and the hen seemed to comprehend, with the boy, that, just

now, it was not considered best for her to get down.

She resigned herself with reluctance and chuckled forth some remarks to the rooster, who continued to eye the straw and give note to what he saw there. Perhaps the force that restrained him was more potent than that which the fluffy hen felt. At least he yielded to it sooner, and scratched out a tumbled-up place in the woman's gown and stirred it up well, and turned it about till it was just rough enough to suit him, then nestled his white head, with its great red comb, under a fold of her shawl and went to sleep.

The little fellow grew weary of holding the fluffy brown hen, so he slipped along and cuddled her down on the car-seat beside him, where she curled up in a soft bunch and crooned out her satisfaction. But his mother was scandalized at such infringement of car regulations, in regard to children being held in the lap unless they paid full fare, and she shook her head energetically at him, and signalled that Biddy must be taken up again.

Just then a much bedizened lady who had been closely observant, moved up to the kindly hen-wife and began talking to her in a low tone; but, as she grew excited, she raised her voice and was heard to say:

"Now, my little sick daughter would be sure to

like such fresh white eggs as your hens would lay, and I hope you can let me have some every week."

"Indade, mem, and I can jest that. My man works at the brass foundry, an' he goes by your house ivery day, an' he can lave 'em jest as well as not. Sure, an' we have a beautiful bit of a back yarrd an' me little by kapes thim hins jest as clane. Why, he takes an' turns a chair about wid the back to the table an' Hippin, that's the name of the hin

HIPPEN THINKS IT MUST BE EARLY MORNING.

he has in his lap, mem, claws hold of the roun' in the back, an' jest sits there like a Christian all the while he is atin' his males. An', truth for it, he kapes a tin plate for her, an' she picks her corn and mate off of it ivery time he ates himself — indade an' he does, mem."

Just then a mischievous lad on the platform of the car began a low cackling, ending in a loud shrill crow. The challenge roused the rooster from his sleep and, imagining that it was already morning and that he must have slept too long, he crowed lustily as fast as he could. This stirred up both the biddies, and they thrust out their long necks and twisted their heads about, and cackled so tumultuously that the car seemed full of hens.

The good woman's face turned as red as her hair, and that was very red indeed, and she hardly knew where to look; whilst her little son enjoyed the sport highly, and shook Hippin to make her cackle still louder. Just then the car was passing a block of shabby tenements, and the woman's face brightened and she signalled to the conductor to stop the car, and she hustled her feathered family hastily together and hurried them out into the open air where their noise would be less inflictive.

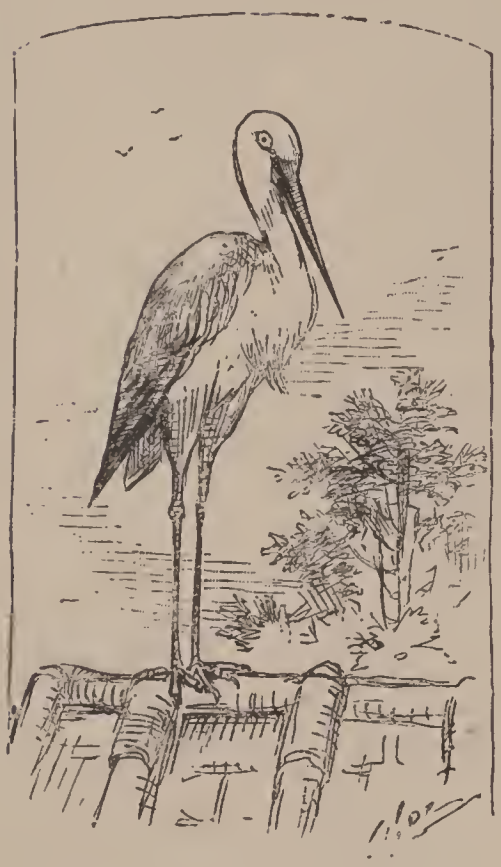
The lad tossed Hippin up to his shoulder and they all disappeared in one of the low buildings, where, if there were a fine bit of a yard, it could scarcely have been larger than a horse-car floor.

THE STORKS.

I WAS once on a visit to the family of the good old pastor of a village in the northern part of Germany. The parsonage was a long, low, stone house, half covered with ivy and roses, which gave it a very picturesque appearance. It stood in the midst of a large garden, which in summer time was full of fruits and flowers. But when I first saw it, in March, the snow still lingered about the hedges, and the pastor's children were eagerly counting the days until it should be Spring.

On the south gable of the house, built snugly up against the warm chimney, was a stork's nest. It was a rough, ugly pile of sticks and twigs, nearly as large as a baby's cradle, and at this season was unoccupied. The pastor's family told me that for many years past a pair of storks had been accustomed to spend the summer here, arriving always on the first of April, and leaving on the first of August

for a warmer southern clime. There were many little villages surrounding ours, each of which had one pair of storks in it, and the birds all arrive and depart together in a body on the same day.



WHERE IS THAT FALSE MENA?

Many a story did the children tell me of their own special storks, which they called by the names of *Hans* and *Mena*, and seemed to consider as almost a part of the family.

"When the storks come," said Bertha, "it will be Spring, and the crocuses will blossom. It is funny, but the crocuses always do wait for the storks."

One day there was a storm, with rain and lightning. The pastor's wife was alarmed; for, in this flat, sandy country the lightning often strikes the houses, and sometimes whole villages are thereby consumed.

"When the storks come," said Fritz, "we shall be safe from the lightning, for it never strikes a house where there are storks in the nest."

This is the belief of many persons in Germany; and they are, therefore, very glad to have the storks build upon their houses, and are very careful not to injure or frighten them away.

THE AMIABLE MENA.?

In time the snow was all gone, and little brown leaf-buds began to swell on the trees, and a tinge of green showed itself about the garden and on the heath.

One bright sunny day, as I sat writing in my room, a sudden glad cry arose from the children in the garden:

"The storks! the storks!"

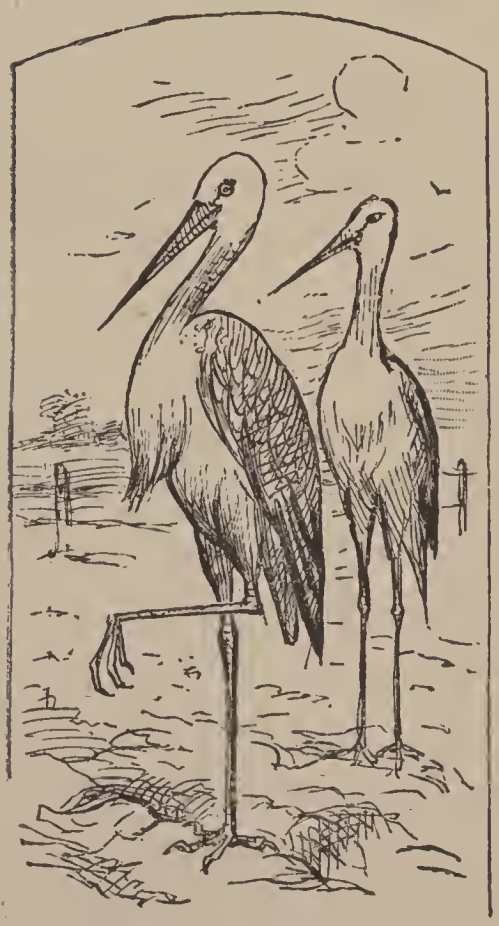
I turned hastily to the almanac for the day of the month. It was the first of April.

Looking from my window I saw on the lower roof, a few feet below me, a splendid large bird, with snow-white plumage touched with jet black and long legs and bill of a brilliant red color. He stood

erect, turning his head from side to side with bright, sharp glances, as if examining what changes had taken place in his absence. Then, after waiting awhile, he threw his head back over his shoulder and struck his hard bill upon the strong hollow bone of his wing, producing a loud rattling sound that could be heard at a great distance. He was calling his mate — for the stork has no voice, and this is the only sound that he can produce at any time.

The children shouted, "How do you do, Hans? Welcome home, Hans! Where is Mena?" But Hans took no notice. He was apparently very uneasy, and for some hours kept up an incessant rattling. The pastor began to fear that poor Mena had perished by the way, as so many do in their annual migration. At length the bird took wing, and for hours could be seen slowly sailing, high in air, above the village and the heath, as if looking for his mate. He came back sad and dispirited, and moped till dark on the house-top refusing the food which we sympathizingly offered. Next morning he was off again. Evening came on, when, lo! there was a rush and a flutter in the air, and a weary bird, drooping and bedraggled, descended to the house-gable and there rested, seemingly too tired to move. It was the missing Mena.

When Hans came home what a rattling and rejoicing there was on the house-top! And next day, when the birds had rested and dressed their plumage, how busy they became, cleaning and repairing their nest. Now, too, they lost their first shyness and became familiar as they recognized their old friends. Hans was always rather distant and proud, but Mena would come when called to be fed, just as the poultry did, and would sometimes even allow her back to be stroked. They would daily take long flights from home; and once, when we were riding on the heath, many miles away from our village, we recognized Hans and Mena stalking about a newly ploughed field, busily picking up the worms and grubs which, but for them, would have done mischief to the farmer's flax and buckwheat. We called to them, and Hans stood on one



HANS REFUSES TO RECOGNIZE HIS NEIGHBORS.

leg and surveyed us with a surprised and haughty air, while Mena threw her head back and rattled. I suppose *she* knew us.

If the birds had contented themselves with a diet of worms, and mice, and frogs, all would have been well. But they were also very fond of picking the bees from the flowers, when the little insects were busily gathering honey ; and would even stand near the hives at the bottom of the garden, and snap them up with a quick motion, as they flew in and out of the hives. We built a lattice around the hives, and this in a measure protected the little honey-makers. But it was not long before the birds were guilty of a greater mischief than killing bees.

The children had other pets beside the storks. Fritz had a pair of rabbits, and Lina took great delight in watching and feeding the little brown sparrows which occupied the box in the great linden tree, whose broad branches spread over half the house. One day there was a great flutter and commotion in the linden, and on going out to see what could be the matter, we found all the sparrows darting in and out of the tree in great distress, while Hans with a very satisfied air, stood on one of the branches within reach of the box. We hastened to drive him away, but it was too late. He had already thrust his long

bill into each of the little round holes of the box, and devoured every one of the young birds. After that we placed the box in another part of the tree, against the side of the house, where he could not reach it. By and by more little sparrows came, but the stork never got another taste of them.

HANS SHOWS HIMSELF A DANGEROUS MEMBER OF SOCIETY.

Meantime Fritz's rabbits had a little family of twelve young ones — tiny creatures, scarce three inches long, soft and shining as satin. They had their nest under the house, and had been there two weeks before we ever saw them. And how delighted the children were when one day Mother Rabbit came forth with her dozen of little ones hopping and skipping around her. What a pretty sight it was, and how funny to see them all, on the least alarm, melt away as it were, from sight, and disappear into their hole like magic. All the children in the village came to see them, and never was boy so happy as Fritz with his rabbits.

But alas! when some days had passed, on counting the young family, we found that one was missing. On the day following there were only ten, and next day but nine. What could have become of the rabbits?

I was sitting in an arbor one morning, reading, when I observed the old rabbits come out from their hole, and I watched to see the little ones follow. How wild and shy they had lately become! Suddenly I saw the old ones crouch, throw back their long ears, and stare in mingled fear and rage with protruding eyes, at some object around the corner of the house. Soon it came in sight — the stork, Hans, walking gingerly along, turning his long, crooked neck this way and that, pretending not to see the rabbits, yet all the time sidling nearer, in a sly, sneaking sort of way. I knew it in a moment; it was he who had eaten the rabbits!

HANS EATS UP "OHTER PEOPLES' CHILDREN."

The little ones fled into their burrow at first sight of him, and the old ones followed. The bird stepped cautiously to the

side of the house and stood for some time motionless, with his head down, silently watching the entrance to the burrow. Presently a little shining head appeared, and vanished. Then another, more bold, followed, and in an instant, before I could even scream, that long, sharp bill had darted down and the poor innocent little rabbit had disappeared.

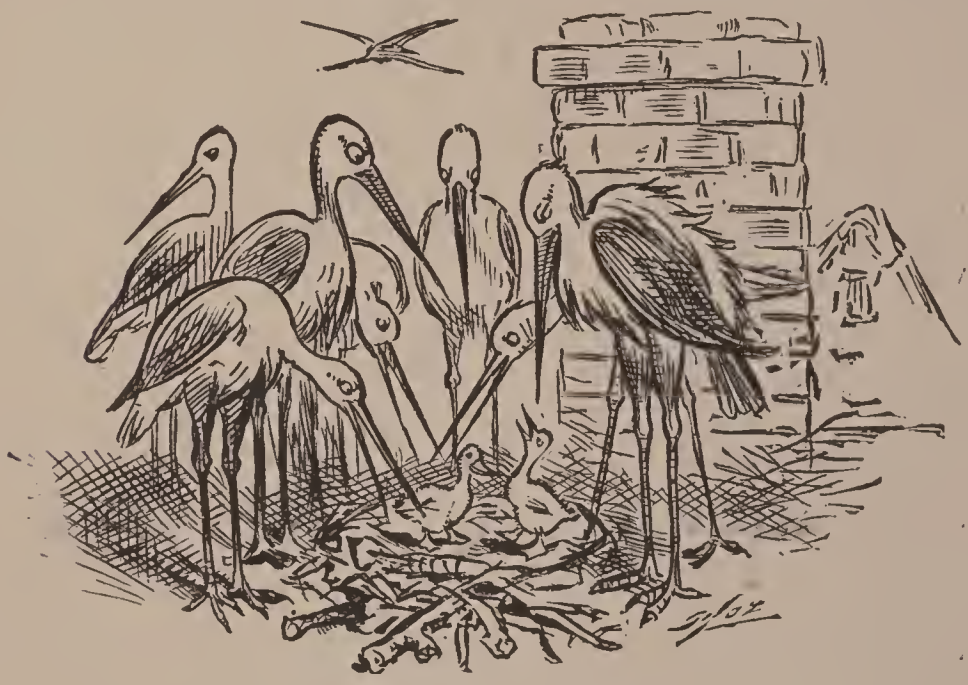
After this, the young rabbits were kept in a hutch until they were too large for the storks to swallow —which was in about two weeks.

But a time soon came when this cruel Hans, who, as Bertha said, "made so little of eating other people's children," had trouble about his own. And this was the way of it.

Mena had laid two large, fine eggs in the nest on the housetop; but one day we found one of them thrown out by the birds, and on examination discovered it to be addled, and on the very next day, a bit of stone fell from the chimney-top into the nest and broke the remaining egg.

The birds were very much distressed. Hans seemed to think it was Mena's fault, and strutted angrily about, making a quarrelsome rattling. We felt very sorry for their disappointment. The summer would be a sad and lonely one to them, poor things, with no little ones to busy themselves about.

In this state of affairs a happy thought occurred to the pastor. His wife had just brought in some goose-eggs, newly-laid. Two of these he took, and ascending to the roof by means of a short ladder, deposited them in the stork's nest. He had hardly done so when Mena returned, and with a great fuss and



AN INVESTIGATING COMMITTEE.

flutter proceeded to take her place upon the nest, evidently under the impression that these eggs were the original ones, and that she must have been mistaken in supposing them destroyed. Hans, too, evinced great satisfaction, and the two were again happy and satisfied.

But one morning, before we were all fairly awake, what an awful clatter on the roof! The eggs were hatched; but what strange little monsters were those

in the nest! Not storks; no, indeed! but two round, broad-billed, splay-footed, yellowish balls of down, such as had never before been seen in a respectable stork's nest. No wonder that the poor mother-stork was bewildered and distressed, and that Hans, after staring with all his might at the little changelings, stood with neck-feathers on end, and rattled himself nearly distracted.

You will hardly believe what I am now going to tell you; but it is what I, and the pastor's family, saw with our own eyes.

After rattling and stalking about for a long time, Hans suddenly became quiet, stood on one leg, and solemnly surveyed poor Mina. He looked exactly as if he were thinking what ought to be done with those changelings, and in what manner Mena ought to be punished for having pretended that the eggs were her own. Then he suddenly flew away, and in an hour returned with six other storks.

You ought to have seen this company as they sat on the roof, staring at the wonderful creatures in the nest, and every now and then rattling, as if to express their astonishment. At length they walked up to the nest, pecked the poor innocent little goslings to death, and then falling on Mena pecked and cut her, and struck her with their strong wings, and would no

doubt have killed her outright if the pastor had not hastily ascended to the roof and driven them off. Hans went away with them, nor did he return the whole summer. He could not forgive Mena the trick which he fancied she had played upon him.

As to Mena herself, we took her up, torn and bleeding; and the pastor's good wife tenderly bound up her wounds, and made her a bed in the poultry-coop, where we nursed and fed her until she got well. She soon became very tame, and would follow us about like a dog, and at meal-times stand at the door to receive the choice morsels thrown to her by the children. At length she was quite well and strong, and then she grew restless; and suddenly one day, was missing. A neighbor had seen her flying toward the north-east in the direction of the woodland marshes, where the storks congregate before taking their departure in a body for the South.

Neither Hans nor Mena ever returned.

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